

# THE ANGLER'S SECRET



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By CHARLES BRADFORD

## *The Wild-Fowlers*

16MO. ILLUSTRATED

*The Angler's Secret*

16MO. ILLUSTRATED

## *The Determined Angler*

**16MO. ILLUSTRATED**

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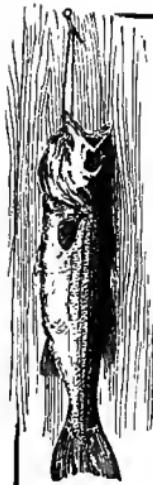


THE ANGLER AND THE GUIDE

Half-tone engraving from an etching by William M. Cary





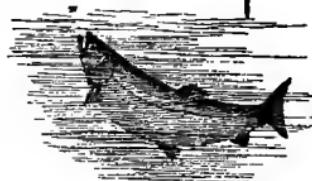


# The Angler's Secret

By  
*Barker*  
Charles Bradford

Author of -  
"The Wild Fowlers," "The Determined Angler," etc.

"T is the soul we seek to replenish—  
not the creel



G. P. Putnam's Sons  
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“. . . to those who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen.”—FRANK FORESTER.

“The honest fisherman reflects that there is a good deal of cheer on the journey if it is made with a contented heart.”—REV. HENRY VAN DYKE.

“It is not the number of fish he captures that makes the angler contented, for the true angler can enjoy the mere casting of the fly if he has only an occasional fish to reward his efforts.”—*Random Casts*.



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I

## The Contented Angler



## I

## The Contented Angler

A homeward trudge through mist-wrapped night,  
 A heart and creel, in common, light ;  
 Complete content—the day has brought it,  
 He fished for pleasure—and he caught it.

—*Country Life.*



“There is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind.”

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

HE angler does not seek the streams solely for the fishes he may capture, but rather in search of peace and quiet. The fishes are merely pleasant features of the favorite domain; “ ’t is not all of fishing to fish,” but these truths may never appeal to the insincere fisher, the man who casts his line for the catch alone.

The great trouble with the average tyro fisherman is his expectation of filling his basket on every trip; but if the true

## 4      The Angler's Secret

angler's nature be in him, this greedy desire departs and the real spirit of angling—contentment—comes upon him after he has had a taste of the gentle art, and he begins to experience the genuine pleasures of the rod and line.

The day is then judged according to the quality rather than the quantity of the game; the pursuit as well as the capture is rightly appreciated, and the earnest man then obtains that which is mostly sought for by all honest rodmen—"a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind."

'T is the soul we seek to replenish—not the creel.

If the tyro's nature is not suited to the pursuit, he either affects coarse, sure-killing paraphernalia,—hand lines, spring hooks, nets, etc.,—and adopts the professional fisherman's methods, for the purpose of taking fish solely for the value of the catch, or he gives up the play entirely.

All the fishes in the world will not make



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What sportsman would go afield with gun or rod if the beauties of nature were not in his path? Who among us would care to bag a quail in our town yard, or flail for fish in a fountain pool? Not the true wing-gun enthusiast who loves to see his setter share the gentle day; not the angler who must have "madrigals upon his way"—not these good spirits whom Frank Forester declared "could not possibly be of an unkind, ungentle, or unmanly nature," not these men who are but disciples of such nature lovers as Izaak Walton, William Shakespeare, John James Audubon, Henry William Herbert, Daniel Webster, Henry Thoreau, Alexander Wilson, George Washington, and half a hundred other famous 'noble characters who "dropped their lines in pleasant places."

Claudius said, "The hunter goes afield for the chase itself, for the love of seeing the hounds run, and is glad if the game escapes." So, if the angler did not lose

a fish now and then he would surely never appreciate the capture of one.

It is the love of nature, not the desire to destroy it, that prompts the honest man of the rod and gun.

And the angler is humane. He never subjects his quarry to cruelty, and is never indifferent to the sufferings of domesticated animals, as are so many brutal persons we know of who are not anglers. There is no cruelty in proper fishing and field sports. The fishes and birds and beasts hunted by the practical fieldman do not suffer in his hands. The sportsman knows this, but he can never convince the whole world of it so long as impracticable men are allowed to go forth and slaughter unmercifully, in and out of season, by fair means and foul, and yet proclaim they, too, are sportsmen—because they kill game.

The desire to torture and kill is less entertained by the angler and hunter than by any other class of men.

The pleasant natural condition of the gameland, the uncertainty in the pursuit, and the interest and excitement in the anticipation and realization of the chase itself—all tending to make health and manhood—are what render angling and field sports so charming to the chivalric man—not the death of the game. This part of the chase is the sad part to the real sportsman, though his execution of the animal is far more humane than the methods employed by the chicken killer, the market butcher, and the net fisherman.

There are four kinds of fishermen besides the man who catches fish as a trade. One, the gentle and practical angler; another, the hand-liner who scoffs at correct angling; another, the insincere man of limited experience, who, though he affects proper methods and tools, judges his sport by the size of his creel; the fourth, the earnest tyro. Let these men fish a naturally beautiful water where there are a few

lordly trout or bass, and these well fed and hard to take, and listen to the different views expressed:

The angler: "I had a delightful day. The scenery was grand, and the weather perfect."

The scoffer: "No fish."

The insincere man, who will soon give up angling altogether: "No fish there; clouds of insects; impenetrable bushes and weeds; am tired in every bone, and glad to be home again."

The earnest tyro: "There are fish there, for I saw them in the water, and witnessed expert anglers take them. I am a trifle inexpert as yet; fresh-water angling is not as easy as salt-water fishing. I had two strikes and lost both fish, but the day was fine, the scenery grand; I had a good walk, breathed fresh air, ate pure food with a rare appetite, had a rest from tedious office duties, saw a thousand interesting natural history subjects, and withal had a joyous time. I will sleep

well to-night and feel like working harder than ever to-morrow."

A tyro can catch fish of some sort on his first salt-water trip, and he may take a pickerel, perch, rock bass, sunfish, or catfish on his initial outing on fresh water, but his first day at salmon, trout, or black bass will not be as remunerative in the actual catching of fish.

I was a careful and earnest tyro when I first waded for brook trout, and although the practical troutmen took dozens of beauties right by my side I was unable to secure a strike for many days, and when I did manage to make my artificial fly attractive by flailing it somewhat according to the natural movements of the living insect and thus secure a rise, I was unable to hook the prize until I mastered the provoking tricks of the experienced rodman. And yet at the very start I imagined I was fishing as correctly as any man on the stream. I used the same lures as the more successful anglers, and,

apparently, fished the same places and with the same detail. And so it was with my early black-bass fishing.

There are very few tyros who return with empty creels who do not denounce their poor success by denouncing the water, but the honest beginner is not afraid to admit that his inexperience, and not the lack of game, was the real cause of his failure to creel.

And the angler does not exaggerate his catch, because the slaughter in the chase is, to him, the meanest part. It is the scoffer who braggingly falsifies his record, and in doing so makes the world dispute the angler's honest story.

Truly, "the contented heart makes the cheerful journey."

---

"The real enjoyment of camping and tramping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of lodging, dress, and food, in as total an escape as may be from the requirements of civilization. And it remains to be explained why this is enjoyed most by those who are most highly civilized."—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



II

The Impatient Angler



## II

### The Impatient Angler

“ June. . . . When that auspicious, leafy month arrives, not all the cares of state will hold a President, Vice-President, or even a Vice-Regent, from taking his outing on the salmon streams.”—CHARLES HALLOCK.



“ The angler, I think, dreams of his favorite sport oftener than other men of theirs.”—W. C. PRIME.

ZAAK WALTON, who wrote *The Complete Angler*, some time in the seventeenth century and who has ever since been worshipped as “the father of the angle,” says that it is the preparation rather than the realization in angling that makes the gentle pastime so charming to real lovers of the rod and line, and we find that no matter how patient the angler may be in the actual pursuit, he is a very impatient man when the season takes on that earliest promise of fishing-time.

angling that makes the gentle pastime so charming to real lovers of the rod and line, and we find that no matter how patient the angler may be in the actual pursuit, he is a very impatient man when the season takes on that earliest promise of fishing-time.

He is patient while plying the lure and he is content at the end of his recreative days and all through the close season, but so soon as the mellow spring breezes blow and the song birds return from the South, the spirit of old Izaak creeps into his heart and head and leads him into a state of gentle impatience that is only satisfied by the preparation that develops the realization in angling, and then Peter goes a-fishing—with what success, these early days, reader, I 'll try to tell you.

One of the charms in fishing, as some author has said, is the endless chain of argument and speculation it affords, and, this being true, my few words must not be accepted as absolute knowledge so far as all rodmen are concerned. We anglers agree and disagree, but our individual arguments always apply to some certain rules, conditions, and natures, and thus our disagreements are of calm and quiet duration.

My favorite troutng time is during the

first half of the month of May, but I have had good times along the streams and in the ponds at all times during the open season and in all sorts of country and weather, though never with but one bait, the true angler's bait—the artificial fly, superlative of all trout lures.

Sometimes in early April I flail this delicate morsel in the snowy water of high mountain streams, sometimes in the valley freshets, sometimes in the flat-land ponds, and again along the borders of larger waters. And I have angled in these "pleasant places" at other seasons, —my favorite period in May, and again in the warmest days of happy midsummer time,—but always, as I say, with but one lure, the feathered hook, that tiny, humane thing, without the use of which no man can possibly angle with "the gentleness of spirit and calm serenity of mind," attributed to the honest fisherman by Washington Irving.

My personal choice of early-season flies

consists of but a few simple patterns, the sober-hued varieties tied on the smallest brown-tinted hooks with the slenderest of drab-stained snells and leaders. One particularly seductive pattern of my fancy is a fly of dark blue body and black wings, called the blue-bottle, I think, and another is of similar dressing—pale blue body and gray wings. Others, of course, are the black gnat, the brown and gray palmers, the hare's ear, the scale-wing affair, the March brown, the codun, and even the white miller, that is more commonly used in warm weather and for mid-summer-evening play. Then, I have a homely contrivance of my own invention, a pale bluish-gray hero I develop from the breast feathers of the common dove.

Once, on an April day some years ago, while fishing a favorite Pennsylvania stream, I took twelve handsome trout, casting with the gray-wing, light blue fly, and a companion, flailing the darker fly of this variety—the first here mentioned,

—creeled twenty fish in less than an hour's time. Previous to this success we tried half a dozen other patterns, with but little reward beyond a rise now and then by a few inquisitive streamsters who were only curious to know what our offerings really were. Later, I fancy, these same cunning half-pounders fell victims to the seasonable patterns we whipped into their element, when not chilled by clots of melting snow and raw winds that now swept over the brooks and made the April day feel more like one of a mid-winter month.

My rod and reel for early fishing are the same as I use at all times, and, like the choice of flies, are perhaps too simple for most anglers. The rod is a tiny lancewood of four ounces in weight and not over eight feet in length. The ordinary trout fly-rod is of six ounces and measures about ten feet. The weight is no less happy than my selection, but I cannot appreciate the length, because most of my trout-fishing is done in small

waters heavily bordered by trees and underbrush, and the banks are so near each other and the overhead greenery so dense that even a shorter rod than mine would be quite practical.

The reel is the lightest one I can find in the shops—of common-click rubber, holding twenty-five yards of the smallest enamel-silk line.

This outfit, I confess, is rather too frail for the average troutman who frequents the waters of Canada and Maine, where the trout run larger than those of the mountain streams, but it serves my purpose to perfection, and an application of many years does not seem to affect my views in the least. With this tiny rod and its delicate reel and line I have taken both large and small fish in both fresh and salt water, and I have never had occasion to wish that it were larger, stronger, or more fancy in its material and trimmings.

So much for my idea of early trout

fishing, and when I do go forth in later days, my bait and tackle is the same, save, at times, a little larger fly and a more gaudy assortment of the feathered lures—the gay patterns that so many good anglers favor in the warmer days of June and July.

---

“ Give me the pleasure of a book,  
An ample shade, a running brook,  
A piping bird and splashing trout,  
And wild flowers shining all about ;  
Then even kings would envy me,  
So full of joy my life would be.”

LUSTED.



### III

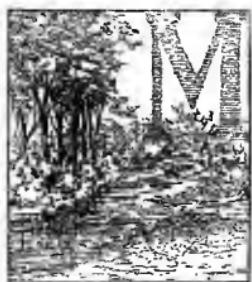
## The Tyro Angler



### III

## The Tyro Angler

“Probably the secret of the infatuation to most or many of the brothers of the angle, is to be found in the close and quiet communion and sympathy with Nature essential to the pursuit of the spoil of the water.”—JOHN LYLE KING.



“Some of the most excellent sportsmen are inferior anglers and marks-men.”—FRANK FORESTER.

ANY persons who are fond of recreation in the wood and field, or upon the water, and who feel that they would like to indulge in fishing of some sort, are dissuaded from making a beginning by the impression that it is difficult to angle in such a way that real enjoyment may be derived from the start, and that all their vacation time would be spent in tedious study and practice.

True, a great deal of care in training is

necessary for the rod handler who would become an adept, but these duties are not tedious. The beginner may enjoy his first trip as much as any that may succeed it.

Earnestness is all that is required at the start; the play comes natural to all who encourage true effort when afield or afloat.

The experienced angler knows that the cause of the young person's failure to do well in his early practice with the rod is the desire to hurry the play, under the impression that pleasure cannot be had unless the creel be filled on the first outing and on every outing thereafter.

To master picture painting one would not be expected to produce a perfect work in oil at the first attempt; indeed, he would be fortunate if he learned how to mix his colors and hold his brush correctly in the first half-dozen attempts. Is there no joy in the saddle until we become wonderful horsemen? Is there no pleasure in feeding until we are gorged?

Truly there is, and so there is in the early play with dog and gun and rod and reel. Some of the poorest shots and flailers in the world are the best of sportsmen. The bird and fish are but two of the millions of grand features encountered in the path of true field sports.

To adore the fields, the meadows, the waters, the hills, the trees, and the living creatures of the wilderness; to go out into the rural districts and show unbounded appreciation of Nature's healthful and beautiful offerings; to take true game ungreedily and honorably, in a way that will permit the quarry equal methods in the chase, and to be humane in your catch or kill, are the axioms of the true sportsman.

If we estimate men by the amount of game they secure, the market supplier might be looked upon as a leader in sportsmanship. Though this individual is despised by the gentle rodster and fieldman, he is judged a far more honor-

able fisher and hunter than he who wantonly kills to brag of his day.

The angler goes afield for the exhilaration there is in every part of the outing; the marketman drags his net, sets his trap, poisons his bait, and sends his hounds for the living there is in the work; the potster kills because he thinks his reputation as a "sportsman" rests with the number he takes. Quality, chivalry, the admiration of nature, and true sport are never thought of by this unfortunate man.

No, be not afraid of the initiative step if thou art earnest, and thy very first day along the stream will fill thy heart if not thy creel.

---

"The surest way to take the fish, is give her leave to play and yield her line."—QUARLES, *Shepheard's Eclogues*, 1644.

IV

The Angler and the Bondman



## IV

### The Angler and the Bondman

“If you do not find time for exercise, you will have to find time for illness.”—LORD DERBY.



“He that takes no holiday hastens a long rest.”

HAT is rest to one may be work to another, and vice versa; “one man’s medicine is another man’s poison.” The professional fisherman, dragging his nets and dropping his lines all the week would find rest if he meandered about city streets, and the letter carrier, walking from house to house in town thoroughfares as a business, would delight in a half-day’s play at the fisherman’s trade. So the deskman, pent up six days in a stuffy office, and the backwoodsman, to whom trees are a common sight, might exchange

their habits and habitat with mutual benefit, if the duties of each could be amicably arranged.

Thus, to rest both mind and body, one must relieve them of the employment they are mostly and commonly occupied with. Abstaining from business, merely, is not rest. To relieve the body and neglect the mind is to tire the mind all the more, and to relieve the mind and not the body is equally disadvantageous.

No man, half wrecked mentally and bodily from his daily toil at the desk, over the counter, on the work bench, or in the noisy street, can find rest by merely remaining "quite still," as the doctor tells him. He should seclude himself from familiar scenes in a mild wilderness where everything pertaining in the least way to his regular occupation is excluded; where he may not sit "quite still," and worry himself more weak and wan; where everything in his surroundings and in his pursuits is in marked contrast to

his ordinary daily life; where the mind may not only have a change if the owner will permit it, but where it will be forced to take the change and thereby the rest.

The mind must be occupied in a pursuit entirely different from its common course; it must not be allowed to remain "quite still," for in this state it will surely wander back to the cares and trials of its everyday environment. There must be exhilaration invoked from new excitement—pleasant, natural excitement, not startling annoyances the brain is so commonly afflicted with in business details—and, at the same time, good bodily exercise must be in order in every instance.

The tired worker, plodding all the week, early to reach his office and late to leave it, finds it an apparent relief to loiter indoors at home on the seventh day—the day of rest—but, without some gentle pastime in which exercise and natural excitement prevail, his mind is not at ease, though his body be at rest,

and, when the business day overtakes him again, he is but freshened for a little spurt or two, and is quite as fatigued as ever before the week is quarter passed.

There are exceptions to all rules; there are men whose business pursuits do not injure their health. There are many of this nature, and there are thousands of workers who are killing themselves in their persistent efforts to work without play, to grind on without relaxation—"making hay while the sun shines," as many of them tell you, just as though there was never a day when the sun's shining cannot be seen.

It is an amusing fact that the man who advocates no vacation is invariably in business for himself. His employees—from the negligent cash boy up to the industrious head clerk—foster a different view, unless they are asked to express themselves on the subject just at a time when they are about to be taken into the firm. Then they begin to make hay

while the sun shines, and keep on making it until, spirited on by a greedy desire to dig a little gold for rainy days, they dig a premature grave for themselves, and thus obtain a permanent rest for both mind and body.

There are many forms of gentle recreation, mild pursuits that may be indulged in even on the Sabbath without offending one's neighbors. A quiet stroll over field and meadow with your dog or favorite child, a trip through the woods or parks, alone or in company, and many other mild outdoor pursuits will serve to recreate. But Sunday should not be the only day upon which to seek rest. The world has changed since the first rule was made. There were no unventilated offices when the Lord labored six days—in the open, mind you—and rested upon the seventh. His labor and the labor of His people in that day were such that to rest quietly at home was proper rest. And Sunday was quite sufficient in those

times. But now, when half the world labors six days without a single day in the whole week being spent in the open it is different, and with the great changes in the world of work there should come changes in the ways to rest.

God never put the iron shoe upon the horse, because He created soft meadows for its feet, but when man transferred this beast of the plains to the cobbled highways he changed its hoof—he nailed on a substance to cope with the cobble. So, when man was created to labor in the open, the Lord provided a certain day and form of rest for him, and that day and form at that period were practical; but when man transferred his field of labor from the open to the indoor world he should have changed his forms and times of rest as well.

Let the natural man—the laborer in the open—go indoors on his day of rest, and let the unnatural man—the indoor worker—come out, and if he cannot

exercise on the Sabbath, give him a day of his own for recreation—give him his iron shoe.

The Saturday half-holiday is the first move in this great need, and it is pleasant to see it becoming more popular each summer season. Many of our leading merchants are even desirous of making a full play-day of Saturday, and there are some business places that recognize the Saturday half-holiday throughout the year.

A quiet Sunday indoors is a nice form of rest to the field laborer and all men who labor in the open, but there can be no true rest indoors for the plodding officeman whose eyes are dimmed all the week by artificial light, and whose head is dulled by impure air and calamitous figure work. Sitting quietly beside a fireplace may be rest to the ploughman, but it will not satisfy the penman.



V

The Angler and the Torturer



## V

## The Angler and the Torturer

"The angler, only, is brought close, face to face with the flower and bird and insect life of the rich river banks, the only part of the landscape where the hand of man has never interfered." — CHARLES KINGSLEY.



"The genuine angler is invariably a poet." — F. E. POND.

N angler, according to Webster, is a person who fishes; but this is an unfair definition. He who fishes in salt water with a bit of bundle cord or chalk line and an iron nail for a sinker is not an angler in the sense the word was intended by the inventors of the expression. Webster did not make the word and he erred in its definition, notwithstanding he was a good angler himself. Sportsmen use the term angler to distinguish the lover of the

gentle art from the hand-line gentry, from the fisherman who uses both net and line for market purposes, and from the wasteful, brutal, indiscriminate fish-killer. The commercial fisherman is not an angler. And no person is modernly termed an angler who fishes without fishing tackle. Mere fishing is not angling. All men who paint and draw are not artists. The terms "angler" and "gentle art" both belong to fresh water, and it is a courtesy on the part of the real angler to extend the expressions to salt water, where so many scoffers are to be contended with. But the angler knows that there are many true brothers of the gentle art who follow salt-water play, and to the terms "angler" and "gentle art" these particular gentlemen are welcome.

It was along the quiet, silvery stream's mellow bank, shaded by the green trees, charmed by the birds and the floral perfume, that the angler took his name, gently casting here and there, now over

this bit of shrubbery, now through these low tree branches, now out over the tiny ripples into some silent pool; or, casting his delicate line from a frail canoe, into the rapids of a wildwood river or the calm water of some secluded lakelet.

Mind thee, reader, the angler does not condemn the fisherman, be he of fresh or salt water, nor does he scowl at the beginner; but he can never approve of the animal torturer merely because this brutal fellow's murderous methods include the killing of fish. This torturing killer is not an angler, and I know the fisherman is not proud of his company. This unfortunate man openly says he does not use fishing tackle, never used it, never will use it, and does not believe anybody should use it. He is an insulting loafer, a torturer of all animals, a greedy potster, and a generally dangerous character. He personally disapproves of all good form in fishing, and does his best to put down the rights of those who would follow

honest play at seasonable game with proper methods and tools. 'T is he who takes the baby striped bass in the cradle river, who dynamites the trout brook, who spreads a net in spawning time. He will resort to any method merely for the mess.

And shall this unfair fish-killer be termed an angler because he fishes?

Somewhere I have read that it is wrong to teach children to take fishes or kill any living thing for sport, and I know this is good advice. It is cruel and wasteful to subject any animal to suffer pain merely that the killer may enjoy the struggle of his victim. And what angler ever does this? Who among the craft would enjoy seeing his game suffer? The angler is as sensitive regarding cruelty to the so-called lower animals as any other human being. When he kills, he kills humanely. He knows how to kill, when to kill, where to kill, and what to kill.

Teach your child not to kill for sport—

teach him not to kill at all until he knows how to kill and the difference in the killings and the killers.

Then teach him the angler's gentle art that he may avoid the torturer's brutal "sport."

---

"The angler's whole life is a well-rounded poem, and he never misses the opportunity to cast his line in pleasant places."—F. E. POND.

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"Let the man of severe aspect—who, if he smiles, looks as though he wore a petrified smile that he had bought at a bargain, and whose sole ambition and pleasure is to make money—live as long as he can in doing so, and die as rich as possible. This man, if he could know and comprehend what is passing through the angler's mind at this season, would say such vagabonds are the cumberers of the earth ; but he could not find a 'cumberer' in all the land who would change places with him, take his joyless life, sapless heart, frozen visage, narrow views, and great wealth, and give in return the angler's light heart, happy disposition, love of God, his fellow-man, and Nature; his resources within himself, engendered by his fondness for the wild woods, to enjoy the past and anticipate the future, whatever betide ; his desire to see good in everything, his clear conscience, and his fishing tackle."—Hon. A. NELSON CHENEY.



VI

## The Versatile Angler



## VI

### The Versatile Angler

“Nature hath endless aspects ;  
To the angler she doth her beauties and her  
glories all unfold.  
A magic light rests on the land and sea,  
And all her streams are silver—all her sunshine  
gold.” —C. COTTON.



“Good company, a  
stout heart—no matter  
where the gameland.”

OOD sportsmen know that angling is a broad-meaning term, and as applied to the piscatorial sport of one man it might mean an altogether different sort of sport to another.

There are six distinct rodsters familiar to me—the salmon seeker, with his expensive outfit and limited domain and season; the brook-trout angler, with his four-ounce rod and tiny tackle; the black bass and pickerel

man of the lake and pond ; the weakfish and striped-bass fisherman of the salt-water bay and river, with his medium-weight tackle ; the steamboat fisherman of the ocean proper, and the surf sportsman who casts for drum and big striped bass, and respects the tarpon season in Southern waters.

Fishing, to the inexperienced person, means simply catching fish, but, to the enlightened individual, it means a great deal more. To inform a practical man of the rod and reel that you are going fishing affords him little information, for the very excellent reason that there are at least fifty different ways to fish, and each way is a distinct pursuit.

Can we define the bill o' play by the word theatre? What is theatrically popular with one may not appeal to another. The playhouse of tragedy is the theatre of certain persons ; the vaudeville hall is the theatre in the mind's eye of others, and the opera-house and the stage of romantic drama are the theatres patron-

ized by other classes of theatregoers. It is the same with fishing—what is piscatorial joy to one rodster may be “fresh-water fingerling catching” or “salt-water shark baiting” to others.

Many persons who fish in salt water are fond of ridiculing the pursuit of the fresh-water rodster, and many of the latter in turn are not pleased to term ocean fishing the choicest of sports. One will say that he can see no pleasure in “sitting in a filthy, tossing boat on the ocean, catching poisonous stringarays and bemuddled crabs,” while the other responds that he “would just as soon fish in a bath-tub for tin frogs as to wade down a half-dried-up brook with butchers’ boots up to his waist, all for the sake of taking a lot of little fish no larger than bait shrimps.”

But you must not think, reader, that every angler is fond of only one sort of fishing. There is the man, the versatile angler, who loves every kind of sport with rod and reel, who boats hundred-

pound tarpon in March, pound brook trout in April, lordly salmon in June, weakfish and medium striped bass in July, surf bass, drumfish, and bluefish in August, black bass and pickerel in September, and so on with the rod through every month of legal time—sometimes on the ocean, sometimes in its billowy surf or breezy bay, sometimes on the placid lake or the flowing river, and at times along the singing woodland brook. An all-round water sportsman is this sort of man, and truly a wise angler he is, for both sport and health may be found in all gentle pursuits with rod and reel if the man himself be not at fault.

What difference can there be, to a person who can practically handle his tools, in taking a hundred-pound tarpon, or a forty-pound drumfish or striped bass, on a heavy, strong rod, and in creeling a smaller fish on lighter and finer tackle? The pursuit, the strike, the play, and the victory are equally exhilarating and just as chivalric.

The smaller the fish the smaller the tackle, and that is all that is required to make the day a pleasant one. The trouble lies in the fact that the stubborn tyro judges all fish by the play of his own impracticable rod. He will try for pound trout with a steamboat fisherman's sea-bass pole instead of a pliant rod of three or four ounces, yank his trout—if he can catch one, which is doubtful—about as he would cast his sinker in fluke fishing, and then come home declaring “there’s no sport in catching minnows.” He does not stop to think that a pocket pistol will kill as quickly as a cannon, or that a gentleman’s watch will keep as correct time as a factory clock.

“Let not prejudice prepossess you,” brother. Be earnest in thy days with the angle, no matter where the water, no matter what the species—if it be edible and in season and if thy methods be gentle—and thou shalt find a joy no other sport or pastime affords.



VII

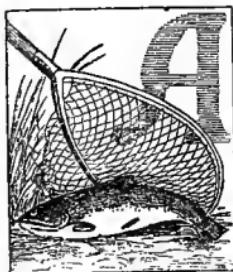
The Angler and the Scoffer



## VII

### The Angler and the Scoffer

“In spite of what elderly gentlemen may say to the contrary, an ignorant countryman, with his sapling rod and coarse tackle, never takes the largest fish nor the greatest in quantity.”—ROBT. B. ROOSEVELT.



“O, sir, doubt not but  
that angling is an art.”  
—IZAAK WALTON.

CARPENTER can build a house with poor tools, but he can build a better house with fine tools. So, in fishing, one can catch fish with any sort of device, but he could do better with proper tackle.

One of the great reasons why so many salt-water fishermen, particularly that class who live in the cities and fish from docks and steamboats, are not fond of remunerative - angling pastimes and fail to find any pleasure in genuine angling

is the fact that they will not resort to the correct tackle and methods of the real angler. They "can't see any sport in catching little fish on whip-like rods." They do not reflect that some of the largest species are caught on these little rods, that the men who affect these light outfits can and do catch both big and little fishes, and that the unpractical class seldom catch any sort of fish.

I have seen half a hundred hand-line fishermen and as many three-pound-pole fishermen trying for snapper bluefish all day with but the poorest results, while right in their midst a single practical rodster who knew but little of the sport and species—having followed fresh-water play all his life—had "first best sport," as Tom Draw would say.

The place: Jamaica Bay, Long Island, New York. The time: September.

I took my friend to Goose Creek, and the first day he only flailed his beautiful tackle in experiment. He caught but few

fish, and our neighboring hand-liners and big-pole gentry roared with delight at the methods and outfit of our boat, though we did as well in the number of fish taken as any couple in the bay. Ever after this first day, the practical angler outfished every man at Goose Creek. He studied his game, correctly rigged his tackle, and fished scientifically, with the result I speak of.

Our coarse-method friends used coarse "tackle," fished coarsely, and they proved easy victims. Many—the majority—used railroad spikes for sinkers; others, pickle-bottle corks for floats; and all of them had carpenters' chalk twines for lines. Of course they caught fish, but the smart rodman caught ten to their one all season, and he could have caught twenty to their one had he been so inclined. These men had their share of strikes, and they fished in my friend's very tide swirl, but they failed when it came to hooking and boating the quarry.

Half the time their bait would be eaten without their knowing it, in most cases by crabs and killy-fish.

Why are these men forever obstinate to their own disadvantage—why do they abhor proper equipment and correct methods in the very sport they most affect?

I once saw a careful rodster creel sixty fat lafayettes—little fish, to be sure, but what matters this?—on the Hudson river at the foot of One Hundred and Fourth Street, New York, and he took this number in two hours, while hand-line fishermen were doing nothing beyond stirring up the river bottom with the heavy iron sinkers they used. My friend had a light outfit, and knew how to work it. There was no tide running; the water was as quiet as an inland lake. The little rod bent and swayed as it would in trout fishing.

“I would n’t fish with a thing like that,” said one of his outwitted and spiteful neighbors.

"Nor would I," retorted the angler, "if I could catch as well and have as much sport with a piece of bundle cord."

And he kept on hooking and playing his fish skilfully, while fully a hundred other fishermen with inappropriate tackle, and some with no tackle at all, save a bit of string and half a horseshoe for a sinker, caught nothing beyond water-soaked steamship refuse.

I do not mean to say that light tackle should be used in all waters for all species, but I do say that the man who would fish with the intention of catching fish and enjoying real sport should use fishing tackle.

I look upon the practical advocate of heavy tackle quite as favorably as I judge the follower of light tackle. Both are correct in their methods, but I have no patience with the unpractised fellow who cries down the use of all sorts of tackle.

We all admire the tarponman with his

heavy but finely made accoutrement which, modified a trifle, is also the tackle of the gallant surfman who fights the drumfish and big striped bass; the weak-fish and medium striped bass fisherman of the East; and the redfish, green-bass, croaker and squeague taker of the South, with their medium outfits so easily converted into practical implements for the chivalric lake and river angler who fondly follows the play at lake trout, black bass, walleye, maskinonge, pike, and pickerel; the salmon fisher with the most costly of all paraphernalia; the mountain brook-trout fisherman with his tiny four-ounce rod and silk thread-like line, and we even approve of the pond boy with his perch and sunfish pole and homely worm hook, but the no-tackle-at-all scoffer, who will fish without catching, and abuse the tackle-men who do catch,—we have only contempt for him.

VIII

The Angler's Equipment



## VIII

### The Angler's Equipment

“ West . . . . .  
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?  
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat.”



“ Let independence be  
our boast.”

like to catch trout and I like to eat trout, but I prefer fishing for larger fishes.” So says a gentleman in a magazine story.

Why larger fishes? I ask. There is not the play in the largest fish that swims than there is in the smallest brook trout, and, if the tackle be of the proper sort and if the angler be gentle and practical, the same amount of sport may be had in taking a pound *fontinalis* as in boating a hundred-pound tarpon. Little watches give as good time and tell it as correctly

as town clocks. Of course, if a man seeks the king of game birds, the woodcock, with a rifle, the sport to be had in the hunt for the rifle's correct game—deer, bear, etc.—is lacking, but to shoot woodcock with a woodcock gun and appropriate ammunition, and to take trout with the proper tackle are pleasures unexcelled. It is not right for men to incorrectly equip themselves afield or afloat, and then, because they fail to secure game and do not see the real pleasures in the pursuit of it, to condemn the quarry, the sport, or the gameland, when their own unpractical means and methods are solely to blame for the unpleasant results.

The carpenter cannot build wisely with the  
clockman's rules;

The jeweller can but botch if he work with  
the smithy's tools.

There are special appliances in field sports and angling just as there are special tools in the arts, trades, and professions. The rifle is for rifle game; the shotgun

for wing game; the bait rod for bait fishing; the fly rod for fly fishing; and the indifferent person who confuses these is not the one to discourse upon the merits of the game, the day, or the paraphernalia.

“Oh, I detest camping!” said a young man to Thoreau.

“Where have you camped?” asked the great naturalist.

“Oh, I never camped,” was the reply.

So it is with many stupid persons who actually indulge in pursuits—they judge without fair investigation or application. The botchman who fishes for grayling with a cod line condemns the grayling; he who applies a rifle upon shotgun game belittles wing shooting; he who tries the gun upon rifle game has but poor praise for deer and bear hunting, just as the youth who might try for whale with a woman’s penknife or seek the shallow trout stream with a harpoon would express himself regarding these pursuits.

You cannot well play billiards with footballs, nor can you correctly enjoy checkers with frying-pans. There is a proper and improper way to do everything. To say there is more sport in catching great striped bass than there is in creeling brook trout because the striped bass is the larger fish of the two is like saying there is more sport in pitching quoits than in playing dominoes because the quoit is larger than the domino.

There is exhilaration in every pastime if it is performed according to the recognized rules and with befitting accoutrements.

Using a tarpon rod instead of a trout rod in brook-trout angling must be very dull play, and certainly as unremunerative in the catch as in the sport; but to take brook trout with a three-ounce, four-ounce, or five-ounce rod and the lightest possible reel, line, and leader, with artificial flies, is one of the most charming, gentlemanly, satisfying, cleanly, health-

ful, and generally exhilarating pursuits the world knows of.

And this does not make the tarpon fisherman's play any the less pleasurable, but correct equipment and an earnest heart and hand are essential qualities in this branch of sport as well as in all others.

The brook trout, no matter what its size may be, is our greatest game fish, and we have only to adopt proper refinement in tackle to compete with it. It is not the strength or the size of the fish that affords the play, or makes the species of game quality—it is its magnetic attribute. Indeed, a strong fish on strong tackle does not create that vibration so important in making angling an enchanting pastime. The fish must be small when compared to large, sluggish salt-water monsters, to possess that electrical quickness that calls for the expression "gamy"; and the rod, line, reel, and leader must be delicate to enable the fish

to enact its remarkable oscillation, and to create the magnetic vibration upon the tackle—and the man.

Proper equipment — that 's the main thing in all pursuits with rod and reel.

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“ I was content with my one glimpse, by twilight, at the forest's great and solemn heart ; and having once, alone, and in such an hour, touched it with my own hand and listened to its throb, I have felt the awe of that experience evermore.”—A. JUDD NORTHRUPP.

IX

The Angler's Rods



## IX

### The Angler's Rods

“ While we our peaceful rods shall busy ply,  
When fish spring upward to the dancing fly.”

SIR HENRY WOTTON.



“ Spare the rod, spoil the child.”

FISHING rods are of great variety, both in weight and material, some being made heavy, some light, and some medium in weight ; they are made of split-bamboo, plain bamboo, cane, Calcutta reed, lancewood, bethabara, greenheart, ash, maple, and other woods, as well as of steel and other compositions. Some are in joints — two, three, four, and five pieces,— others in one piece, and some are telescopic.

Rods cost one dollar, two dollars, and so on up to one hundred dollars, accord-

ing to material, workmanship, and finishings, but the best of anglers will admit that from four to twenty dollars is all that need be paid for as serviceable a rod as need be used. If you buy a split-bamboo rod to angle with, let it be one that is guaranteed, as the cheap split-bamboo rod recommended for fishing purposes is not as good as the cheapest rod of any other material. It is only intended as a wall decoration—no practical man uses it for any other purpose, and no honest dealer ever offers it for any other usage.

Frank Forester says: "A perfect rod should gradually taper from one end to the other, be tight in all its joints, and be equally and uniformly pliable, not bending in one place more than another." Our Frank does not mean to say, however, that the butt or handle proper should bend, but the rod should, nevertheless, when in use, appear as though every portion was being strained.

In length rods vary from six to twenty feet, but the popular lengths are from seven to eighteen feet, and the weights from three to twenty-five ounces. The tiniest rods are used for mountain trout fishing, the longest for salmon fishing, the heaviest for surf fishing, the stoutest for tarpon fishing.

A proficient angler can use medium-light rods practically on all game fishes. For those who desire but one rod for fly fishing for black bass, grayling, and trout, one of six ounces, I think, would meet all requirements. Such a rod in the hands of a skilful man will neatly master anything up to ten pounds, though in black-bass fishing a four-pound fish is a fine catch, and a brook trout of two pounds is a prize in many waters. This rod may also be used in Maine and Canada, where the trout are large as compared to those of mountain streams.

For small brook-trout fishing a tiny four-ounce fly rod is the proper weapon.

For salt-water fishing—weakfish, small striped bass, kingfish, etc.—do not use that heavy sea-fishing rod that is regularly offered by the unpractical shopkeeper and always adopted by the indifferent fisherman. Select the gentleman's choice, the eight-ounce bait rod, and when you have used this a little while discard it in favor of the little six-ounce fly article which is none too light with the master angler. The eight-ounce bait rod may also be used in maskinonge, large black bass, and pike fishing in the fresh rivers and lakes. For grayling use the six-ounce fly rod, and for salmon a salmon fly rod exclusively.

For heavy sea fishing—cod, bluefish, large fluke, etc.—the heaviest and coarsest article will suffice. For tarpon fishing and surf fishing for large striped bass, drumfish, etc., use the stiff tarpon rod now made specially for these particular species.

For pond fishing—sunfish, rock bass, perch, etc.—and for young bluefish (snap-

pers) and scaupaug (porgie) fishing in salt water use the four-ounce fly rod.

Whatever you do, as an angler, do not fish without a rod, no matter what species you try for. Of course fish can be caught without a rod just as game may be killed without a gun, but the sportsman does not take his outings without these important implements. Rules govern, or should govern, all sports as well as they govern trades, clubs, professions, and governments themselves, and to angle with proper angling tools is a rule no gentleman will argue against, no matter what the scoffing bungler may say or do.

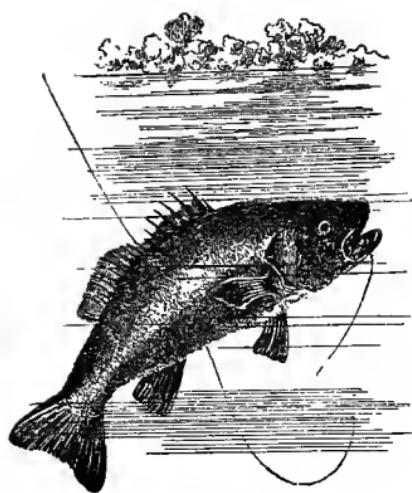
The professional market fisherman who catches fish by hand-line and net for a living, and who is not an angler, is not the one to advise as to the methods of angling. He may be a good example for those who wish to become fishermen for the money there is in the trade, but he really disapproves of angling and angling implements. I am persuaded to make

this statement by the fact that there are many persons who are not market fishermen and who catch fish without fishing tackle—the hand-line gentry—who, even more than the professional fisherman, are constantly crying down the angler's sport, claiming more fish are caught without a rod than with one, as if the quantity of game constituted the sole pleasure of the gentleman's day. It seems to me, when I hear these scoffers, that it is a pity they have to use even a line and hook. Why do they? Dynamite will kill more fish.

The professional fisherman may fish as he pleases—I have nothing to say to him—but the angler should not angle without a rod, any more than the player should perform without a costume, the musical director without his bâton, the archer without his bow, or the canoeman without his paddle. All boating is not yachting, all painting is not art, all rhyming is not poetry, and all fishing is not angling.

X

The Angler and the Black Bass  
that Favored Cloudy Water



## X

# The Angler and the Black Bass that Favored Cloudy Water

"For fly fishing the water should be reasonably clear."—W. C. PRIME.



"If you do not know a river it is always most desirable to have some one with you who does."  
—FRANCIS FRANCIS.

ND we all use "clear" in our stories about fly fishing, both for trout and black bass, and I would no doubt continue the use of the word had not my last angling trip in Michigan taught me the error of doing so, at least in the

black-bass' case, and the lesson I learned in the black-bass school has made me entertain some doubts about trout and salmon taking the artificial fly only in clear water.

I know the small-mouth and large-mouth black bass will rise to both artificial

and natural fly in dark, thick, muddy water in one locality at least, and while trout and salmon as a rule frequent clear waters, they, too, under some conditions, may fly feed in waters of a different character. That I have not taken them in waters otherwise than clear is no proof that they are not to be caught under other conditions.

Mind, I do not say cloudy, roiled waters are generally more remunerative in black-bass fishing than the beautiful, clear lakes and rivers we have always found them in, or that I could think of preferring to seek them in muddy elements in preference to their delightful clear-water habitat; no, not if I could creel ten muddy specimens to but one clear-water beauty. I merely claim that in one locality some of the choicest specimens are lifted from water that is as heavy and dark as ditch water, and as deep as some of the middle-lake spots in which heavy salmon trout are captured.

A large bridge spans the Saginaw River in Michigan between Bay City and West Bay City. Upon this structure in the evenings of the black-bass season may be seen half a hundred anglers, all of them casting artificial flies and live bait for the small-mouth black bass that frequent this locality, specimens ranging in weight from one pound up to four pounds. It is here that the water is at all times muddy, and consequently very heavy and dark. At least such were the conditions at the time I have reference to, and here the gamy bass rose freely to the fly, creels of ten and fifteen handsome fish in an evening being not uncommon to the more skilful rodmen. The best play was to be had between five and eight o'clock.

The river at the time I write of was lined with booms of green pine, great piles of milled lumber stretched away on both banks as far as the eye could see, and immense rafts of newly cut pine logs were constantly passing to and from

Saginaw Bay. This water, besides being decidedly dirty and dark, was very deep, and the fish must have been near the surface, for, owing to the river's filthy condition and depth, it were unreasonable to suppose they could have seen anything on the surface from the river bottom or from one to two feet from the bottom where black bass "do most congregate." The water was made heavy by disturbed bottom soil, and was dark by being stained with the inner bark of the millions of pine logs that had floated in the river for years. So, here is a positive case of fly fishing in water that was not "reasonably clear."

In the days I refer to—a dozen years ago—black bass were seen jumping all about the great wooden bridge. The surface during the warmest evenings of the midsummer was covered with a species of flying insect known in those parts as the June bug and May fly—though the little thing was often more in evidence in

July and August than during the months its name was coupled with—and whenever one of these flights were in order, black bass were caught in great numbers by the meanest rod upon the bridge.

My companion and I had our sport from a small canoe. Frank would guide the tiny craft one evening and I would be the paddleman the next evening. I was far from being an expert with the fly rod in those days, but I often hooked some big fish and afforded my more skilled companion many quarter-hours of enjoyment watching my clumsy efforts to boat the prize. Once I hooked two silver bass on the same leader, and my friend's joy over my predicament was so profound that, in noting his exuberant hilarity, I broke the joint piece of my rod and actually went heels over head into the river in the exciting endeavor to grasp the fast disappearing line and the rod part that went with it. Frank all but followed me, the canoe half filled with

water, and there was an awful time keeping me from trying to climb into the little craft and in finally towing me ashore, but Frank never once ceased laughing during all the disturbance.

White Miller, Scarlet Ibis, Seth Green, Reuben Wood, and several gray, white, brown, yellow, and dark ash-colored patterns were Frank's favorite flies, and sometimes, when the Saginaw was very dark and heavy, I have seen my friend attach to his long leader two small split shot, a foot or so apart, let the two red and white flies sink three or four feet, and then make catches of big fish almost as fast as we could both handle the noble game.

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"There is a vast deal in fishing besides catching fish."—H. H. THOMPSON.

XI

The Angler and the Fluke that  
Took a Fly



## XI

### The Angler and the Fluke that Took a Fly

“Here where the surf by green Long Island pours.”  
—ISAAC MCLELLAN.



“The water is the eldest daughter of the creation, the element upon which the spirit of God did first move.”

—IZAAK WALTON.

SEVERAL species of salt-water fish will take the artificial fly—shad, young bluefish, weakfish, and, I dare say, the striped bass. I might here also name the fluke, that great flat fish of the flounder family, for I have caught him on the fly myself, but I do not include the species, because I have no knowledge of its rising to the artificial fly under ordinary conditions.

My fluke, however, a single specimen, rose fairly to the lure, and was hooked,

played, and boated precisely as a black bass or trout would be conquered in lake fishing.

He was a big fish—fully four pounds in weight—and as broad as the biggest frying-pan. He took a brown palmer tied on the smallest hook I have ever seen this pattern put upon, and no black bass, small or large mouth, ever gave a better account of himself in a battle for life than did this sturdy flatfish.

Many experts will tell you that fluke are a stupid fish when hooked, that they do not fight, but merely drag your line down by mere weight, aided by their odd shape. This has never been my view of the matter; the fluke I have taken—on splendid tackle, of course—have always given me good play, and while it is true their weight and shape enable them to bear heavily upon the line, it is also true, so far as my experience of many years of excellent fluke fishing teaches me, that they can and often do jump clear out of

the water several times in their endeavor to defeat the angler.

This is especially true of those wiry, light-shaded specimens captured in swift-running tideways, but it has often occurred with me, even with the fish taken in still, deep bay waters and with those monsters captured in the surf. As for a similar trait in the fluke caught in the deep sea I cannot say, for I have never sought them there.

But let us return to my fluke of the fly hook. With two friends I had been catching porgies in Jamaica Bay, and being short of small hooks, I tied on the palmer fly and baited the barb with a tiny bit of clam—the smaller the bait in porgie fishing the better, say I. As happens every now and again in this sort of fishing, the hooks—two of them, a few inches apart on a single leader—became perfectly stripped of the bait, and I started to lift my tackle for a fresh supply. There was a heavy tide running, and my

line, notwithstanding the little dipsy at the end of the leader, stretched out as soon as I raised the lead from the bay bottom, and as I reeled in, I could see the palmer dancing along on the surface.

When the hooks came within ten feet of the boat, I discovered Mr. Fluke. He glided along swiftly about a foot under water, and when directly under the fly darted up and snapped it in his great mouth with quite the dash and accuracy of a three-pound black bass. And all this in water fully fifteen feet deep!

Well, I struck him with that same instinctive and impulsive wrist movement we brook-trout fishermen know so well, and the palmer's hook point went into his stout upper lip as clean and fair as ever any well-directed barb pinioned the very fish it was sharpened for.

The fight that followed amazed my fellow boatmen, and so unnerved half a dozen German hand-liners in a neighbor-

ing craft that they gave up their play for the day.

To think a fluke would so degrade himself as to take a sweet-water bait on the line of a fool fishing in salt water with a four-ounce fly rod was too much for the hand-liners, and they forsook our company. My prize battled bravely for ten minutes, not only dragging the line down under the boat we were in, but now running away at a lightning pace, now doubling with equal speed, now diving to the very bottom of the bay, and again and again bounding completely out of the water, his jaws tightly set all the time,—not relaxed as when hooked inside the mouth,—his fins and eyes aglow, and his very frame quivering with gamy strength and determined anger.

I have since tried many times to tempt the species with the artificial fly, but without success. Still, I think there is yet hope, for I know the fluke of swift, shallow waters in another bay. Here shall I some summer day give them a liberal trial.



XII

The Angler and the Brook Trout



## XII

### The Angler and the Brook Trout

“ Better to hunt in fields for health unbought  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend ;  
God never meant His work for man to mend.”

DRYDEN.



“ One of the charms of angling is that it presents an endless field for argument, speculation, and experiment.”—T. E. PRITT.

ONG ISLAND affords both fresh-water and salt-water fishing. The salt-water play is had in the Great South Bay on the south side and in Long Island Sound on the north. The fresh waters consist of tiny trout brooks, little ponds and lagoons, smart rivers and lakes. I recall a pleasant day along the smaller trout streams. A half-mile from the Merrick Road in South Oyster Bay there is a large pond—a natural reservoir of drink-

ing water. In the streams that flow into this pond three eight-inch trout are taken on a brown hen fly, and two more of larger size are creeled in the pond proper near the little island in the centre of the liberal water. Gray and brown flies are the patterns most favored. A native boy informs me that many trout are taken in the pond with worms and small minnows, but I do not resort to these lures.

A short walk west of the pond brings me to a little stream running south under the railroad bed by means of a large iron pipe. Two small trout are seen here. One rises saucily to my stone fly and purposely misses its mark. I reflect that little trout in all waters often do this.

I determine upon returning here some day, and, by wading with a pair of light gum boots or old shoes and trousers, taking a nice half-dozen fish in this stream on each side of the railroad where the pleasant water runs through thick woods and heavy underbrush.

A farmer's boy says: "I do n't neow es heow thar be eny treauts 'bout, but I ofen sees sum city chaps pull ouet a few little fish with little bits o' feather an' wool on rods no bigger 'n a ridin' whip."

Another walk of a few minutes in the same direction along the car track reveals another cunning little stream of pure spring water running just like the first. There are fine bits of wood on both sides of the track and they seem filled with song birds and sweet-smelling wild flowers. The stream is remarkably clear, and its little pebbles glisten in the sun at the bottom of the two feet of water like so many pearls and nuggets of shining gold and silver. A large pipe carries the water under the railroad bank as in the case of the first stream. Here, too, I make up my mind to return some day and wade in the stream far into the quiet woods. On the north side of the railroad bank, I see hundreds of tiny minnows. They sport away in fright up the stream as my

form is revealed to them over the bank. On the south side, in the shade, two trout, weighing fully a pound and a half each, lie calmly in the centre of the brook, while over near the bushes, farther up the stream, a little trout, not more than three inches long, is gently resting without a perceptible movement. Stealthily creeping down the south bank into the weeds, I slowly proceed toward the stream at the point where the two big trout rest, and, as quietly as possible, toss over the cast of three flies, which alight on the water as softly as though they had fallen off a bush only a few feet above the water's surface. I cannot now see the trout, for I dare not raise my head above the weeds.

Trout fear man, and it's to the angler's advantage to be seen by them as little as possible. There being no rise, the gentle cast is repeated with the same care and repeated again and again, but all without a rise. I peep over the weeds and have

the pleasure of seeing the two big trout still there, moving their tails and top fins just enough to keep their position against the mild current. I move my head a little more and take one knee off the ground to rest myself, and these prove fatal movements—the two beauties dart away like a bright flash of lightning in a pale sky, and the little troutlet, and a half-dozen not previously observed friends and relatives, follow suit. I put my flies on the water over the entrance to the pipe and with a long tree branch poke into the other end. Out come the “flock” of trout one after the other like so many arrows from a bow, and back they go into the pipe again with the same rapidity.

I have been troutng many years and I know by this time that the chance for taking these trout is passed, and so I poke into the pipe two or three times more for the mere joy of seeing the beauties again, then go over on the other side of the bank where the water has not been disturbed,

take a drink, return to the shade, and relight my very ordinary cigar.

Any one may see these trout. The place may be easily found by the accompanying directions, and there is no danger of the trout being taken in the meantime; they 're trained animals and need no preserve or game law to protect them. It is not certain that they can be caught even with the cruel angleworm—a generally sure method.

A hundred feet from the railroad at this point to the south I observe a trout hatchery and beyond this there is good fishing.

Between Merrick and Bellemore I find a half-dozen little streams all running into the wooded lands on both sides of the car tracks, but as I do not closely examine them I can only admire their promising appearance. They appear to be fine trout waters, and, I argue, if fished no more than the waters previously visited, they certainly contain lots of

trout. All the streams in this part of Long Island are as clear as any waters in the world.

Between Merrick and Freeport I encounter two more nice-looking trout streams, one of which is, at certain places, eight feet in depth.

Between Freeport and Baldwins stations, nearest the latter, I come upon a fine clear stream with a few trout in it, and quite in the village of Baldwins is a fine bit of trout water. As none of the streams described are posted I judge that they are all open to the public.

At Hempstead Gardens I meet William Randall, who owns a large trout pond and several streams, all of which he kindly permits me to test. The owner tells me he never refuses to let persons fish his posted waters if they ask his permission. What is equally as advantageous, I say to myself, is his kindness in giving information as to where general troutting may be had on the island.

It is not hard for the true angler to find remunerative trout waters; it is the unreasonable fisherman—who seeks not the beauties of the gentle art itself nor the accompanying splendor and music of nature in the pursuit, who goes afield for the mere slaughter of quantity—who has difficulty in locating a satisfactory fishing ground, for with him the water must yield fish and plenty of them. He cares not for anything else. With the angler, the locality itself is more important than the game it affords.

The secret of the charm in angling is found in the angler's preference of studying rather than destroying his favorite species.

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"Peter said, 'I go a-fishing.' John and Thomas, and James and Nathaniel, and the others, said, 'We will go with you,' and they went."—W. C. PRIME.

XIII

The Angler and the Blackfish

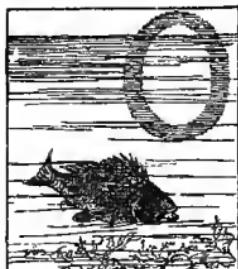


## XIII

### The Angler and the Blackfish

“ The bluefish leaping as they pass,  
The brown-strip’d, pearl-enamell’d bass,  
Blackfish, weakfish, porgie, cod,  
Precious morsels for the rod,  
The crab, the shrimp, the mussel-shell,  
The sea-egg with its thorny cell,  
The moss to slippery rock that clings,  
The kelp, the sea-weed with its rings,  
The lavish treasures of the sea  
Ever charming are to me.”

ISAAC MCLELLAN.



“ Here where the salt  
tides ebb and flow  
O’er the brown rocks  
deep below,  
The greedy blackfish  
come to share  
The shelly bounties  
ever there.”

*Haunts of Wild Game.*

CTOBER. How delightful this time of year for fishing ! Provided, of course, that the fish sought for are not of the salmon family, grayling excepted. The trout are now caring for their young, and a fish of any species is never more valuable alive than when it is

in the act of increasing its kind. But, for the man who likes salt-water fishing and fresh-water fishing for black bass, pickerel, maskinonge, and perch, this month forms a most delightful period for the play. The game is in better condition than in July and August; there are more fish "on the bite," the days are cool, storms are less frequent, the mosquito and black fly are less industrious, and—well, there are hundreds of pleasant features that are not to be found during hot weather. Camping is particularly enjoyable in the autumn, and the man who likes this sort of life may take along the gun and dog as well as the rod, for the season for woodcock, plover, bay snipe and deer, is now upon us.

Some fishermen say it is rather late for real good blackfish fishing, but I found plenty of sport lately with this fine panster. And I caught him with brook trout tackle! The trip was planned at short notice. I was visiting some friends on

Long Island, N. Y., and while sitting on the lawn one evening a country boy came along with a basketful of the plumpest blackfish I had ever seen. My friends, observing my delight over the fish, asked me if I would like to catch some. Of course I said I would be delighted to do so, and five minutes later we were all planning an early trip for the next morning. Fishing stories, where the reader is not made acquainted with the fishing locality, are generally unsatisfying, so I shall not keep the place of our day's sport a secret.

We drove from Oyster Bay station to a beach on the Sound locally known as "Aunt Sally's Point." If you think you would like a little of the play I shall here describe, you have only to take a train to Oyster Bay or any neighboring village, and then inquire for the Point. Everybody for a dozen miles about knows "Old Aunt Sally," an aged female living in a tiny cottage of rough slabs on the high ground of a point of rock and sand on the

Sound. Sally has two boats and a jovial disposition, but don't rely on her for anything to eat. Take a basket with you, and have a bottle or two of—whatever you drink—in it, for the water at Aunt Sally's is a trifle "ripe," as one of my friends termed it. Having arranged for a boat, ask the old woman to show you the blackfish rock, and then, if you are half as fortunate as I was, you will have a glorious day.

We rowed out perhaps two hundred feet from the beach. My friends used heavy salt-water rods and coarse linen lines, but I resorted to my light-weight fly rod and silk line, using this most inappropriate outfit in preference to the heavy rods, since the proper articles—a six-ounce or eight-ounce bait rod and fine linen line—were not to be had. Bait (soft-shell clams) may be secured right on the sod flats. Thousands of these, as well as hard-shell clams, might be dug up in a few hours, and they are delicious for man

as well as fish. It was amusing to my friends of the heavy poles to see me flail the salty ripples with what they laughingly termed a "toy fishing rod," and it was also amusing to me to note their surprise at seeing me kill two-pound and three-pound fish on this marvellous little instrument. It was my first play at blackfish with trout tackle, but I had little difficulty in hooking, playing, and boating them. They are coarse-looking bass-shaped fish of a black-brown color, and on the hook and in the broiler they are not to be despised by anybody. The species is a bottom feeder, but the first one I caught—a three-pound specimen — seemed to take the bait at the very instant it touched the water, and the strike was a glorious one. I thought I had a striped bass to deal with. The little rod was nearly bent double at times during the play, and the reel—a common-click, holding only twenty-five yards of line — made the biggest fuss it ever made in its history. And the landing

net's part of the play! I shall never forget that. The fish came alongside of the boat in quiet order after two or three spirited bouts; but just as the net was placed under him he gave a swirl and pulled the little rod's tip far under water before I had time to loosen my fingers from the line and rod handle. This giving slack line with a trout fly rod is not so easy a movement as would be supposed. One can give line very easily with a bait rod; the thumb has only to be taken from the reel spool; but with a little four-ounce fly rod, with the reel under and below the handle and the necessity of keeping a taut line by grasping both line and handle or by holding the reel crank, it is pretty difficult, especially with a full three-pound fish hooked.

I boated my first blackfish of the day, however, and I boated five others in quick succession, while two other anglers in the party did equally well. Flounders were also caught, and some of them were im-

mense in size. I think this locality a good one for the man who has rather tired of the better known and more frequented places. At least, it pleases me, for I am one of those "quiet old fishermen" who like to go to places not frequented by the crowds and where there is something to catch besides fish, for quiet and natural surroundings are quite as important on my outings as the game I am in search of.

Since this Sally's Point trip I have fished for blackfish many times in many waters, visiting the numerous spots in the Great South Bay of Long Island more often than other localities. Here the species is abundant, and the poorest fisherman has but little trouble in boating them with the most ordinary tackle and the commonest of bait—bits of hard-shell and soft-shell clam.

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"I said anglers were born, not made ; but when born they can be improved, and wish to learn as well as teach."—FITZ-JAMES FITCH.



XIV

The Angler and the Striped Bass



## XIV

### The Angler and the Striped Bass

“ The stately Bass, old Neptune’s fleeting Post  
That tides it out and in from sea to coast.”

WOOD: *New England’s Prospect*, 1634.



“ How pitiful, how trivial  
must appear  
The scenes they left—  
the crowd, the noisy  
mart.”

TRIPED BASS weighing from two pounds to half a hundred pounds are taken by rod and reel. The heavy specimens are often hooked by the angler plying his tackle for the smaller bass, but they are really the game of the surfman

—him of the tarpon-like paraphernalia. These big bass are angled for in the heavy surf, while the smaller specimens are taken in calmer waters—the mild surf that plays over sod banks, and in coves along

the ocean coasts and in bays and rivers where rocks abound.

My fish have been those of two and three pounds in weight. I have caught these in the Hudson River and from the sod banks on Staten Island and in the coves of the Jersey shore.

My best striped-bass fishing was enjoyed on Barnegat Bay, north of Toms River, seven or eight miles south of Bay Head, and the very best results were obtained at Beach Haven, thirty miles from the head of the bay, and about the islands of Little Egg Harbor and near the light-house at Forked River.

I have also enjoyed many a fine day on the shores of Staten Island at Oakwood. I have my companion's memorandum of a particular outing here: "July 15: We anchor a small boat within twenty feet of the beach, and cast on the sunken meadows over which the surf is breaking. As the tide grows older we moor closer in shore, so that at no time do we fish in

more than two feet of water and always in the breaking surf, where our baits play in the foam, free of any sort of sinker. William uses a fly rod of ten feet and seven ounces; Charles a nine-foot eight-ounce bait rod. Both rods are rigged with a single salmon leader, a 3.0 sproat hook, and waterproof silken lines. The bass leap at our crab bait like trout or black bass at large flies. They weigh about two pounds, and come out of the water into the air like so many small-mouth fresh-water bass. How white they look, as they glisten in the sunlight! The play does not last long. Where have the fish gone? We try hard for them for another hour, but only strike fluke, skate, eel, dogfish, sea robin, and flounder. We have only three bass and these were caught within the first half-hour of our angling. William thinks they may have been members of a passing shoal, en route for the Hudson or some more distant water. William says it is early for

striped bass hereabout. During the latter part of August and through September, he says, they are numerous on these sods. The first hour of the flood tide up to high water affords the best fishing."

In the Hudson River striped bass have given me quite my share of play, both in the spring and fall of the year. Casting from some of the rocks lining the shore from One Hundred and Eighth Street, New York, up the famous old water as far as Yonkers, has often yielded a fine three-pound beauty. Slack water, last of the ebb and first of the flood tide, were the best conditions.

The heavy striped bass may be caught in surf fishing on the shores of Long Island from Long Beach to Montauk Point; on the Jersey coast along the beach above and below Long Branch, and the beach at Sandy Hook, the beach at Key East, and at Ocean Beach.

XV

The Angler and the Weakfish



XV

## The Angler and the Weakfish

“ The boats are in the breezy bay,  
Fast by some point that juts its bar.

• • • • •  
Or by some river mouth that pours  
Its affluent current by the shores,  
The fisher casts his baited line  
To tempt the weakfish of the brine.”

ISAAC MCLELLAN.



“ There is no life more  
pleasant than the life of  
the well-governed an-  
gler.”—IZAAK WALTON.

HE doctor has come to my camp on the tiny island in the Great South Bay almost against his will—I forced the outing upon him by constant praising of the wild spot—and I feel that I must first make him comfortable and then show him the fishing. He is not at all himself. The long sail from the mainland, he says, has destroyed his usual good nature, but

I tell him that it is hunger that makes him surly. "Living unnaturally, as you do in the city, Doctor, has destroyed your sense of appetite, and it has been so long a time since you were really hungry that you v'e forgotten what hunger is; you can't recognize it when, by a few hours of natural life, it returns to you, and you very naturally call your ailment by another name and attribute its origin to a false cause. I 'll open some Little Necks for you, and while you eat them I 'll broil you a sea bass." And I handed the old man a cup of sherry.

"Oh, I 'll have none of your hungry yarn, nor any of your other yarns. I guess I know a little more about myself than you do," and the doctor looked real angry. "I could n't eat in town, where I have every luxury; I could n't sleep there, where I have a decent bed and decent roof over my head; and from what I see of this place I guess I 'll starve outright or die of exposure here. I was a

fool to listen to you. Why, this is the very worst sort of thing a man in my state of health should do—come out to a rough-and-tumble place like this. I wish I had gone back with the captain; that old numbskull, too, should have known better. Where are the decent things you said you had out here—the soft, clean beds, the fine stove, and all the other things?"

"Oh, don't fret so, Doctor. Everything will come in its order," I say to him. "Drink some sherry—it 'll calm you. Here 's your clams; now for a nice sea bass."

The shanty is not so bad as my visitor paints it. It has given me firm shelter for years, and some of the happiest days of my life have been spent within sight of its homely portal. Its island lies abreast of Bellmore, six miles distant on the mainland. The little house faces the ocean, whose breakers can be seen and heard rolling in on the wild beach a quarter of a mile to the south.

"Who owns this old place and what's it all about?" asks the doctor, the eating of the little clams and the sight of a fine sea bass giving battle at the end of my line reviving his spirits.

"I don't know the owner, Doctor. I took possession one summer's day some years ago—made for the open door during a terrific thunderstorm that overtook me in a small sailboat out there in the channel—and have never been disturbed, though spending several weeks here twice a year ever since."

The doctor is beginning to act agreeably. He offers to clean the sea bass while I catch another, but I hand him the rod and I set about cleaning the fish and building the drift-chip fire.

I could arrange for the doctor to take a nice weakfish, but decide it is better to first have the supper over and the beds made before we become really interested in the angle. So I let the dear old fellow take a two-pound bass, and then

entice him from the play by putting the broiled fish on his knee.

The fish is cooked whole—head, tail, fins, and all—and I centre it in a great white platter, with thin slices of red pickled beet and a border of willow-green eel-grass.

“Well, you ‘ve proven three of your statements, at least,” says the old man, pitching into the juicy flakes of the bass with the first natural hunger that has crossed his stomach in years, as he himself confesses; “I am hungry, as you said I ‘d be; fish are caught easily at the very door of the camp, and you really do cook and serve decently.”

“And is not everything here really more pleasant than I described it?” I ask. “To-morrow at this time, my friend, you will admit as much.”

The doctor is persuaded to eat the other bass and some thin strips of bacon, two huge potatoes roasted in the hot ashes, and a quantity of steamed soft clams raked out of a hotbed of seaweed.

"Now, Doctor, light your cigar and adjust your rod, and while you ply it upon the weakfish I'll clear away the supper mess and lay you a night couch where your sleep will prove 'sweeter and sounder, lighter and more luxurious than princes catch on beds of eiderdown and velvet'—here's your bait."

The day is nearing its end. The red sun is just dropping behind the fringe of dark-green upland, and already the flashes of Fire Island light pierce the gray shadows that gather in the east. The green herons are flying toward the inland to roost, and the night herons are coming out to feed. The gulls gather on the loamy flats and exposed sandbars, and their restrained screams mingle with the cluck of the clapper rail, the whistle of the curlew, and the loud but mellow call of the golden plover and yellow shank, as they wing over the surf and meadow land.

The doctor, a few minutes before so surly with the world and himself, is now

as calm and sweet-tempered as the tiny marsh wren that swings on the frail grassy stem at his feet, pouring out her evening hymn.

My companion stands on the sod banks and casts his crab bait into the tide, the green water now rushing in from the ocean, on whose plain the bounding whitecaps are made beautiful by the background of dark sky and the sunlit western heavens toward which they roll. Soon the tide will creep over the sod and flood the very island, but we shall not suffer any inconvenience. The little house rests high upon sturdy hardwood posts, and I have gathered up the outdoor cooking utensils, staked the boat safely, cut the salt hay for our beds, and gathered the chip-wood for the breakfast fire.

“You must cast out farther in the channel, Doctor,” I call to my old friend, “or fish at the mouth of the little creek to your right. The sea bass, fluke, and

blackfish frequent the spot you are attending, but the weakfish do not come in so close."

A cunning smile and a peculiar nod of the old angler's head tells me my advice will be heeded, but not upon the instant; he has something at his bait—a large fluke it proves to be—and he is playing the fish skilfully, for his tackle is delicate and his footing none too secure. The fish tugs heavily and, to the old man's astonishment, actually leaps out of the water and skims over the surface like a huge flat stone that is thrown to perform this service ere its weight will make it sink from sight. The fluke and the man battle for twenty minutes, but the angler gains the victory, and I tell him we shall have broiled flatfish if not planked weakfish for our morning meal.

Now the doctor removes his ounce dipsy and flails in the milder water at the creek mouth, and the crab meat, unhampered by any weight save that of

itself and the hook, swirls with the current just as it might flow along at its own free will. It barely hides itself beneath the surface ere it is snapped by the game the doctor seeks, and the old man's rod again bends to the play, more violently now and with quicker movements than when the fluke tested its resiliency. We use the landing-net to secure this weakfish, because the locality does not permit of its being guided over the sod bank to the angler's footing, as the fluke was conquered. Here the bank is as yet a full foot out of water, while the spot where the great flatfish was landed allowed of the game being floated quite to the doctor's ankles.

My friend is now at the height of good nature, brought about by honest excitement, and as I take his rod and lead him toward the shanty, now without apparent foundation beyond the water that has flooded the whole meadow land, and appearing for all the world like a diminutive

ark on stilts, I fancy I feel a slight quivering in his arm—the tremble of invigoration, not collapse.

"We 'll go out in the boat and catch one more," says the doctor; "I 'll handle the boat and let you take the fish."

"No, not to-night," I reply; "tomorrow, yes; and we 'll make a glorious day of it, old friend; but no more to-night. You are tired, and that 's all you can reasonably ask."

"But I 'm not as tired to-night as I have been every night in town for the past half year."

"Ah, Doctor, your town tiredness is a different condition. There, 'mid the noise, the smoke, the frantic crowd, and all the unnatural disturbances of so-called civilization, you become fatigued, not really tired. Fatigue is killing; an honest tired feeling is health-giving. Fatigue is born of abuse; tiredness of exhilaration."

We go into the little house, now aglow with a bright, sweet-smelling wood fire,

and the doctor's happy frame of mind goes on soaring higher and higher with every revealment. He sees the clean beds, made of rough pine wood and built against the wall one above the other like the berths of a steamship; the little shelves and cupboards in all the glory of their charges—tin tobacco boxes filled with every sort of spice and cooking condiment, and the hundred other homely but inviting articles stored here and there. Four square holes, one at each quarter of the dwelling, let in cool sea air on hot summer days, and stout wooden blinds protect these openings during storms.

The doctor and I talk a long time as we sit about the cosy fire, more than once filling the tiny room with tobacco smoke so that we are obliged to open the door and fan the place with our coats.

I tell the old man all I know about the fishing and the natural history of the great lagoon, and he is a willing audience.

“The baymen, Doctor, say the Great

South Bay is ninety miles long, six miles wide, and two feet deep. This is their deduction, and it is about correct, though, of course, in some places it is narrower than six miles and deeper, much, than two feet. There are channels twenty feet deep and open spots fully sixty feet in depth."

"Is flood tide the best for weakfish?" asks the doctor.

"Sometimes and in some places," I answer, remembering the reply of the bayman when I asked the same question years ago. "Most of my best fishing has been done just as the tide turns to run out and until it is about half out, though I have caught some nice fish on the incoming tide, as you took your four-pound fish this evening."

And so we chat until the doctor is made miserable by repeated efforts to keep awake; then we seek the berths, the old man being snugly housed in the lower one, and I blanketed to my chin in the one

above him. Here we pass the night in sweet repose, lulled betimes by the booming of the surf, the splashing of the high tide, the leaping of heavy fish, the murmur of the mild wind, and the cry of the night bird.

“ I may, peradventure, give you some instructions that may be of use even in your own rivers ; and shall bring you acquainted with more flies than Father Walton has taken notice of in his *Compleat Angler.*”

CHARLES COTTON.



XVI

The Angler's Flies—Their Seasons  
and Descriptions



## XVI

### The Angler's Flies—Their Seasons and Descriptions

“The speckled trout practise at vaulting and leaping,  
And stir the bright sand in their soft murmuring  
pool ;  
From daylight to dark night and all through the  
moonlight  
They practise the games that are taught in their  
school.  
They dart at a gnat and jump at a ladybug ;  
High in the air they will leap for a fly ;  
But, plumper they're growing and in the near future  
The eager ones rising to feathers must die.”



“When a fly is said to be in season it does not follow that it is abroad on every day of its existence.”—ALFRED RONALDS.

HE old anglers tied their fishing flies themselves, and, in fact, made all their fishing tackle, save, perhaps, lines. To-day few men think of tying their general flies or making any tackle, owing to the expertness and moderate terms on the part of the professional

manufacturers, though every careful angler is expected to be able to tie a fly or two on some occasions, just as every field sportsman should know how to load his gun shells in cases of emergency.

Though there are thousands of different shades and colors and dozens of sizes followed in making the artificial fly, there are but two distinct archetypes of the fly proper, if we exclude the English two-hook idea, which is merely the ordinary lure with two hooks instead of one. The difference in the two distinct designs from which the various patterns are made, though of marked degree, is hard for the tyro to distinguish, and as the majority of young anglers have never had this difference clearly pictured I will proceed to describe the matter in a brief word or two. The artificial trout fly known to us all is shaped thus: the wings flowing away from the shank of the hook in the opposite direction to the point; while the other pattern, which is known as the flut-

tering fly, is tied after this fashion: the wings flowing toward the shank instead of away from it, as in the make-up of our universal fly.

The difference in the water is in the fluttering fly's wings expanding and fluttering, instead of closing up to the hook like our first and most commonly used fly's wings.

Artificial flies are made of the wild turkey's tail, the tail of the American ruffed grouse, the neck and tail of the English grouse, the yellowish-tinged neck feathers of the ptarmigan, the tail of the cock and hen pheasants, the neck of both these, and the wing coverts of the hen; the black, white, brown and white-barred feathers from under the wing of the gray duck, wood duck, canvasback, mallard, teal, and widgeon; the neck and tail of the peacock, the neck feathers of various colored cocks—commonly called hackles—(black, red, yellow, gray, marled, and white, for dyeing blue, green, plum,

claret, brown, etc.), the wings of the woodcock, starling, and landrail; the tail of the wren, the tail, tail coverts, and neck feathers of the guinea fowl; the various colored feathers of the macaw, the blue, red, and yellow feathers in the tail of the same; the neck feathers of the cock of the rock, the neck, top pins, and tail of the golden pheasant; the tail, tail coverts, and neck of the great African buzzard; the rump coverts of the golden plover, the neck and tail feathers of the argus pheasant, the wings of the English jay, the tails and necks of parrots of every color, the topknot of the American kingfisher, the skin of the English species, the tail and wing feathers of the capercailzie, particularly those deeply and closely barred with white; the guinea fowl's feathers dyed green, orange, and claret; the thickest and best ostrich feathers of various colors, the tame turkey's tail feathers of various tints, the feathers of the scarlet ibis, three or four

barred feathers from the quail's tail, the tail of the long-tailed thrush, and the feathers of many other birds, besides gold, silver, and bronze tinfoil; gold, silver, and brass wire; every shade of Berlin wools, floss silk, the various colors and tints of pig's wool or mohair, the furs of the muskrat, field mouse, black, red, and gray squirrel, mink, marten, young cub, coon cub, green monkey, porcupine belly, the ear of the English hare, the ear of the polecat, and the fur of many other animals.

“ To frame the little animal, provide  
All the gay hues that wait on female pride ;  
Let nature guide thee—sometimes golden  
wire  
The shining bellies of the fly require ;  
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not  
fail,  
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.  
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute  
brings,  
And lends the glowing insect proper wings.  
Silks of all colors must their aid impart,  
And every fur promote the fisher's art ;  
So the gay lady with extensive care

Borrows the pride of land, of sea, of air ;  
Furs, pearls, and plumes the glittering thing  
displays,

Dazzles our eyes and easy hearts betrays."

GAY.

#### APRIL PATTERNS

Black Gnat.—Wings, black; body, black ostrich; legs, none, except on hooks larger than No. 10, in which case we call the pattern "black hackle."

Dark Claret Gnat.—Body, dark claret; feet, black; wings, sub-hyaline.

Bright Claret Gnat.—Body, bright claret, mixed with red fox face; feet, ginger; wings, one sex hyaline, the other ochrous.

Olive Gnat.—Body, dark olive, mixed with bright claret; feet, ginger; wings, hyaline.

Bright Fox.—Body and feet, brightest part of the fox, mixed with yellow; wings, brightest hyaline; tail, pale yellow.

Dark Fox.—Body and feet, dark fox, mixed with lemon-colored mohair; wings, sub-hyaline; tail, three fibres of dark gray hackle.

March Brown.—Wings, Scotch grouse; body, dark brown, ribbed with yellow silk; tail, Scotch grouse; legs, same.

Coachman.—Wings, white; body, peacock herl; legs, brown hackle.

Scarlet Ibis.—Wings, scarlet ibis; body, red, ribbed with gold tinsel; tail, scarlet ibis; legs, same.

Abbey.—Wings, gray widgeon; body, red wound with gold tinsel; tail, golden pheasant hackle; legs, brown hackle.

Dark Montreal.—Wings, wild turkey tail; body, dark claret, ribbed with gold; tail, scarlet ibis; legs, dark claret hackle.

Grizzly King.—Wings, gray mallard; body, green, ribbed with gold tinsel; tail, red; legs, furnace-gray hackle.

Brown and Red Palmer.—Body, red silk, with brown hackle wound the whole length of the body.

#### MAY

King of the Water.—Wings, gray mallard; body, scarlet; legs, brown hackle,  
<sub>zo</sub>

wound down the whole length of the body.

Queen of the Water.—Same as King of the Water, with body orange instead of scarlet.

Black May.—Body and feet, black; wings, grayish hyaline.

Red. Spinner.—Body, bright claret, ribbed with gold tinsel; feet, brick color; wings, hyal; setæ, poleine brick.

Professor.—Wings, gray mallard; body, yellow, ribbed with gold; tail, scarlet ibis; legs, brown hackle.

Yellow May.—Body and feet, pale yellow, mottled with brown; setæ, yellow.

Gold Spinner.—Body, orange, ribbed with gold tinsel; feet, pale red hackle; wings, bright gray.

Captain.—Body, posterior half, peacock herl, anterior half, gray; feet, white; red hackle; wings, gray; setæ, scarlet, green, and wood, duck feathers mixed.

Kingdom.—Body, white, ringed with

green; feet, peacock herl and red hackle; wings, gray, mottled with brown.

And all of the patterns mentioned as being appropriate for April.

## JUNE

In June some of the gayest-colored flies may be used. During March and April the dark and dull-colored patterns are the most effective, but, so soon as the warm days of the latter part of May begin and all through June, then arrives the time for the louder patterns. The following are my favorites:

Brown Hen.—Body, peacock herl, with red silk tag; wings, brown mottled; legs, brown hackle.

Dark Stone.—Body, dark brown; feet, yellow brown; wings, luteous.

Hawthorne.—Body, shining black; feet and head, black; wings, bright hyaline.

Shoemaker.—Body, ringed alternately with light and gray salmon; feet, dark

ginger; wings, mottled gray of the mallard, and mottled of the woodcock mixed; setæ, mottled woodcock.

Black June.—Body, peacock herl; feet and wings, black.

Green Drake.—Body, white; posterior half ribbed with black, green, yellow, mottled with brown; setæ, dark brown.

Brown Drake.—Body, feet, and wings, a golden, yellow brown; setæ, dark brown.

Beaverkill.—Wings, lead color; body, white silk; tail, gray mallard; legs, brown hackle.

Raven.—Body, feet, and wings, black.

Alder.—Wings, brown mottled; body, peacock herl; legs, black hackle.

Wren Fly.—Body, clay yellow; feet, made from the scapulary feathers of the English wren or quail; wings and setæ, mottled widgeon.

Cahil.—Wings, wood duck breast; body, mouse-colored mohair; tail, gray mallard; legs, brown hackle.

Great Dun.—Body, purple brown; feet, gray brown; wings, dark gray hyaline; setæ, dark brown annulated with gray.

And the following, the colors of which have already been described:

Abbey,	Kingdom,
Bright Claret Gnat,	King of the Water,
Bright Fox,	Olive Gnat,
Brown Palmer,	Professor,
Captain,	Queen of the Water,
Coachman,	Red Spinner,
Gold Spinner,	Scarlet Ibis,
Grizzly King,	Yellow May.

#### JULY

Little Egg.—Body and feet, orange yellow mohair and hare's ear mixed; wings, bright hyaline, slightly mottled; setæ, same as wings.

Jungle Palmer.—Made by adding jungle cock shoulders to any of the Palmers.

White Miller.—Wings, white; body, white, ribbed with silver tinsel; legs, white hackle.

Dusty Miller.—Wings, gray mohair;

body, gray turkey; tail, same; legs, gray hackle.

Lightning Bug.—Body of equal parts of dark brown and black mixed, tipped with yellow; feet of feathers from the English grouse; wings, double, the inner wings black, the outer wings a yellow brown.

Gray Coflin.—Body, silver gray mohair; tipped with orange silk; feet, light gray hackle wound over peacock herl; wings and setæ, hyaline.

General Hooker.—Wings, light brown, mottled turkey; body, green silk, ribbed with yellow silk; legs, brown hackle.

Little Claret.—Body and feet, dark claret mohair, slightly tinged with blue; wings, of the bittern, or brown hen; setæ, dark brown.

Claret Fly.—Body, dark claret; feet, black; wings, of the brown hen.

Fetid Green.—Body, feet, and wings, a pale green.

Reuben Wood.—Wings, gray mallard;

body, white chenille, finished with red silk tag; tail, brown mallard; legs, brown hackle.

Codun.—Body, yellow; wings, brown.

Light Montreal.—Wings, gray mallard; body, scarlet silk, ribbed with gold tinsel; tail, gray mallard; legs, scarlet hackle.

And all of the light-colored flies mentioned, and the following:

Abbey,  
Scarlet Ibis,  
Brown Hen,

Brown and Red Palmer.

Grizzly King,  
Coachman,  
Queen of the Water,

#### AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER

August Dun.—Body, brown floss silk, ribbed with yellow silk; tail, two rabbit's whiskers; wings, feather of a brown hen's wing; legs, plain red hackle, stained brown, made fuzzy with English grouse feather wound on above body.

Quaker.—(For evening and moonlight.)  
Body, gray, wound with honey-yellow

hackles; wings, feather from an oriole's wing.

Oak.—Wings, mottled brown; body, orange, ribbed with black silk; legs, brown hackle.

White Moth.—(For dark nights.)  
Body, feet, and wings, pure white.

Royal Coachman.—Wings, white; body, peacock herl with band of red silk in middle; legs, brown hackle.

Brown Stone.—Wings, light brown; body, brown mohair; tail, brown mallard; legs, dark brown hackle.

Olive Gnat,	Abbey,
Bright Claret Gnat,	Brown Hen,
Dark Claret Gnat,	Coachman,
King of the Water,	Codun,
Black Gnat,	Queen of the Water,
Lightning Bug,	Gray Coffin,
Grizzly King,	Dark Stone,
Brown and Red Palmer.	

#### SPECIAL FOR THE ADIRONDACKS

Silver Doctor.—Wings, mixed fibres of yellow and red feathers, with wood duck bars and wild turkey feather; body, silver tinsel, wound with red silk and finished

with red tag; tail, golden pheasant hackle; legs, blue hackle and guinea hen. This is not the salmon Silver Doctor.

Canada.—Wings, light brown mottled; body, red worsted, wound with gold tinsel; tail, red worsted; legs, brown hackle.

Jungle Cock.—Wings, jungle cock hackle; body, red silk; legs, claret hackle.

Brandreth. — Wings, gray mallard; body, yellow mohair, wound with gold tinsel; tail, scarlet ibis; legs, yellow and red hackle.

Blue Jay.—Body, claret mohair; wings, matched with the feathers of the English bluejay; tail, scarlet ibis.

Grizzly King,

Codun,

Yellow May,

Great Dun,

Stone Fly,

Imbrie,

Dark Montreal,

Light Montreal,

Brown Stone,

Scarlet Ibis,

Coachman,

Professor,

Reuben Wood,

Dark Coachman,

Queen of the Water,

White Miller,

Brown Hen,

Abbey,

And the Palmers.

On the streams use hooks Nos. 6 to 14, and on the lakes and ponds, sizes 4 to 6.

In addition to the above, when fishing on the ponds, the angler should have a few of the lake or small salmon flies, as large trout are very partial to them.

MOOSEHEAD AND RANGELEY LAKES,  
MAINE

Parmacheene Bell.—Body, yellow; remainder, red and white mixed.

Jenny Lind.—Body, yellow; wings, blue, red hackle.

Page.—A red fly with wood duck over-wings.

And all of the flies mentioned for the Adirondack waters. Hooks, 4 to 6.

LONG ISLAND

Plum, Blue Blow, Scarlet Ibis, Dark Fox, Red Fox, Coachman, Professor, Grizzly King, Montreal, Claret and Black Gnats, Yellow May, Blue Dun, Brown Hen, Codun, Ronalds Stone, Golden

Spinner, and Queen of the Water.  
Hooks, 8 to 16.

EASTERN AND MIDDLE STATES

Coachman, Great Dun, Abbey, Grizzly King, Professor, all the hackles, Shoemaker, Blue Dun, Red and Golden Spinner, Queen of the Water, White Miller, Dusty Miller, Yellow May, Codun, Beav-erkill, Red and Dark Foxes, Stone Fly, Alder, Black and Claret Gnats, Brown Ant, Brown Hen, Brown and Gray Coflin, Grannom, Hooker, Cahil, Coch-y-bon-dhu, and Jenny Spinner.

Early in the season use hooks 8 to 10; later, 10 to 16.

FOR ALL TIMES AND ON ALL WATERS

Dark Coachman.—Wings, lead color; body, peacock herl; legs, brown hackle.

Gray and Green Palmer.—Body, green silk, with gray hackle wound the whole length of the body.

Ginger Palmer.—Body, yellow silk,

with ginger hackle wound the whole length of the body.

Alder,	Codun,
Scarlet Ibis,	Brown and Red Palmer,
Imbrie,	Brown Hen,
Professor,	Queen of the Water,
Reuben Wood,	King of the Water,
March Brown,	Abbey,
White Miller,	Black Gnat,
Coachman,	Grizzly King,
Royal Coachman,	Quaker.

On the streams the smaller flies should be used; on large ponds, lakes, and rough waters, the large numbers. And this ancient advice, set forth even so long ago as the days of Charles Cotton, who contributed the information to Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, is a good general rule to follow: When the day is bright and where the water is clear, use small flies and plain colors, and in deep and dull waters and on dark days and in the evening flail the brighter and larger patterns.

When you buy your flies, buy lots of them, for, be you tyro or practical rod-

ster, you will lose them easier than you imagine.

Be careful to select finely made and new goods—the best material from the best makers.

Avoid the cheap, dried-up, duster-feather, clumsy penny-a-dozen abominations. They are tied by shop girls who do not even know what they're used for, and sold by indifferent shopmen who may never have seen a trout stream and who could n't perhaps distinguish a trout from a codfish.

Let your flies come from persons who flail them as well as make and sell them.

The man who does not angle and study the natural history of trout and trout flies cannot tie a fly correctly, and he will not—for penny-wise-and-pound-foolish business reasons—use proper material in its making.

This person seldom sees an artificial fly outside of a showcase and would hand you dried-up goods that would snap from

the snell at the first cast, if anybody tried to flail them, and which, if they ever did get as far as the stream's surface, would sorely puzzle every trout that tried to solve the identity of the clumsy species.

Buy of the reputable maker or dealer who sometimes throws a fly himself. He knows his subject and he is worthy of being trusted if he 's a brother angler. He is to be found in all the great cities, and in fact in all parts of the United States.

"The fisherman has a harmless, preoccupied look ; he is a kind of vagrant, that nothing fears. He blends himself with the trees and the shadows. All his approaches are gentle and indirect. He times himself to the meandering, soliloquizing stream ; he addresses himself to it as a lover to his mistress ; he woos it and stays with it till he knows its hidden secrets. Where it deepens, his purpose deepens ; where it is shallow, he is indifferent. He knows how to interpret its every glance and dimple ; its beauty haunts him for days."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

XVII

The Angler's Recipes



## XVII

### The Angler's Recipes

“. . . Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when . . . they had little food besides what they caught.

W. JONES.



“The wise for cure on exercise depend.”

TIME and Development.

—Time is required in the development of everything. Man may treat himself rather carelessly—not exercise properly, not live regularly—and still feel trim and strong, the result of good treatment in the past. Desirable conditions developed after months of care are not to be destroyed in a day, but truly we build slower than we destroy. What we do to-day may make us ill or well to-morrow, but the real good or ill effect will not

show itself for a month or two, and perhaps not for years. Earth seeded in May will take on grass in a few days, but a better lawn is made by seeding in September and allowing a full year's time for development. In physical training, to correctly reduce weight it requires twenty times the time that is required to increase it. To prevent or relieve a headache one need but spend a few minutes' time, but to properly cure the ailment may mean months of treatment. Truly, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure —a stitch in time saves nine."

**Insect Repellants.**—To repel mosquitoes, flies, gnats, midges, blackflies, and all troublesome insects, have in your outfit a supply of pennyroyal oil. Equal parts of the oil of tar, sweet oil, and pennyroyal make a fine solution to rub on the skin. To throw a little sulphur dust in your campfire and to burn a little by itself in your tent helps to drive away these pests; so does the burning of Per-

sian insect powder on a small cotton rag. Damp grass, leaves, or seaweed put upon a fire will make a great deal of smoke in case you desire a smudge. The mosquito head-net, which is put over the head and fastened about the neck to keep insects away when one is fishing, hunting, or sleeping, is practical in cool weather, but is generally rather uncomfortable in warm weather. A pair of skin gloves saturated with oil of pennyroyal is a good covering for the hands. To alleviate the itching caused by insect bites apply naphthalene or spirits of camphor. Naphthalene is the more effective remedy. Camphor will also repel flies and mosquitoes. Troublesome insects of some kind are found in warm seasons at most game resorts. Persons accustomed to these pests are seldom annoyed by their attacks. It is the newcomer whom they relish.

**Sea Sickness.**—To relieve sea sickness use a composition of essence of ginger, ten drops; sal volatile, twenty drops;

chloric ether, five drops; bicarbonate of soda, one teaspoonful; spirits of camphor, ten drops; water, one ounce. If you are thirsty and feverish take a teaspoonful, or more, of bicarbonate of soda or potash in half a tumbler of water, with one grain of quinine. When dissolved pour in the juice of one lemon or citric acid and water; then drink while it is effervescing.

Tender Feet.—Your first day's tramp in the woods will perhaps make your feet sore or tender. Bathe them in vinegar and salt water, with a little arnica. Rub the inside of the stocking with any pure soap, which will prevent the stocking from scraping the flesh when you walk. At night remove the soap, and bathe affected parts well with the above mixture before retiring.

Poison Ivy, etc.—A strong mixture of the leaves, twigs, bark, or berries of the common spice-bush (*Benzoin odoriferum*); this to be freely applied to the affected parts and taken internally as a tea. This

is the best of remedies for vine poisoning, but temporary relief may be had by the liberal use of witch-hazel.

**Sunstroke.**—In treating a person suffering with sunstroke or overheatedness pour cold water on the head and spine, or place the patient in a cold bath, brook, or lake, and give small doses of brandy and water, after which keep the sufferer quiet and administer a saline aperient.

**Burns.**—Powder affected part well with flour, and lay on medicated cotton-wool; bind with clean rag. And, again: equal parts of spermacetic wax and prepared lard without salt. Lay thickly on linen rag and bind well. The lard may be prepared by washing it in cold water.

**Wet Feet.**—With wet feet you should either keep in action or change your socks and shoes. Do not sit still with damp clothing on any part of your body. Salt water is not so dangerous as fresh water. Always carry extra socks and underwear on your outing trips.

Cuts.—For a cut that is not severe the blood itself will be found to be the best healing agent. Bind up the wound well, so as to protect it from dirt and cold. For a serious wound a good lotion is: Carbolic acid, one part in forty of water.

Thirst.—Thirst can be abated by eating acid fruits or plants. Chewing twigs, barks, or leaves of trees and shrubs will also afford temporary relief. Snow and ice aggravate the thirst by chilling and closing the salivary glands.

Toothache.—Iodine liniment, tincture of aconite, and a drop of chloroform applied to the gums after they have been thoroughly dried will deaden the nerves while you are in search of the dentist.

Ventilation.—Ventilate the camp tent the same as you would ventilate your sleeping apartment at home. Let in fresh air, but do not lie in a draught.

To Extract Hooks.—When a hook becomes caught in your clothing or flesh, do not try to pull it back over the barb.

Cut it free from the snell and push it on through and bring the point out as near as possible to where it went in.

**Bruises.**—Bathe the affected part in a solution of one part tincture of arnica, six parts of water. Mix with vaseline, and rub in well.

**Chilblain.**—One part chlorinated lime and nine parts of paraffin ointment. Rub in well and bind with thick bandages.

**On the Cars.**—Take a seat in the centre of the middle car; it is the safest, and most comfortable part of the train.

**Fish Diet.**—Fish food is void of heating quality and therefore excellent for summer.

**Breakfast.**—Do not start on your fishing trip on an empty stomach. A writer in the *London Rod and Gun* says he knows of five persons who died in one season from neglecting to eat before going afield at daybreak.

**Rain Shield.**—If you should be overtaken by a rain-storm while on an outing

and desire to keep your shoulders dry, remove a piece of spruce bark two or three feet square, cut a hole in its middle, put your head through this, let the bark come down on your shoulders, and you will have a woodland umbrella.

Sprains.—There are any number of remedies for a sprained ankle or wrist, but the most rapid one is certainly boiling water and common salt. Here is the idea: Saturate woollen rags with the solution, wrap them about the ankle, and tie dry cloths over them to allow the steam to have an effect. The more often they are changed the greater and faster the remedy. This homely recipe will do in twelve hours what iodine and other liquids require twelve days to accomplish. Keep the foot elevated, do not stand on it, and move as little as possible. I will say, however, that the extract of witch-hazel is a fine remedy.

XVIII

The Angler's Clothing and  
Footwear



## XVIII

### The Angler's Clothing and Footwear

“ And let your garments russet be or gray,  
Of colour darke, and hardest to descry,  
That with the raine or weather will away,  
And least offend the fearful fishes eye ;  
For neither scarlet, nor rich cloth of ray,  
Nor colours dipt of fresh Assyrian dye,  
Nor tender silks of purple, paule or gold,  
Will serve so well to keep off wet or cold.”

*Pleasures of Angling.*



“ I thank God for the  
good gift of flyfishing.”  
—FRANCIS FRANCIS.

ANGLER'S clothing.—Sack coats, either single or double-breasted, with plenty of large pockets, heavy trousers, a stout vest, and a cloth cap or hat are the necessary garments for angling purposes. Use dull

shades—dark gray, dark brown, drab, etc. It is always advisable to wear light

woollen clothing; it is more easy to dry than other goods.

**Field Hosiery.**—Woollen socks or stockings should be worn both winter and summer in angling and field sports, if possible, but a thin sock of silk or cotton is sufficient in summer. In winter, if wool annoys you, try the thin summer sock next to the flesh and the wool over the cotton or silk. The leather or rubber of the boot or shoe and mere cotton or silk are not sufficient to keep the feet warm in severe weather, but wool between the flesh and the leather or rubber material is the most practical article thus far invented.

**Footwear.**—In dry localities nothing is more practical in footwear than good brown leather. High laced shoes with medium soles are excellent. These may be worn in the fields and woodlands. In salt meadow-lands, on lake shores and marshlands, in and wading for brook trout, the high, thin, close fitting rubber

boot is a correct article. In very cold weather the rubber boot is a cold foot covering, and in midsummer it is very hot on the foot. Canvas shoes, and, in fact, any cloth footwear, are very comfortable in hot weather, but only in mild pursuits, never in field work, mountain climbing, etc. For yachting, tennis, strolling about the lawn or on the sea-shore, they are excellent, but beware of them for general outing purposes; nothing could be more treacherous. They do not lend proper support to the ankle and instep in ordinary exercises, and the least bit of exertion in them will result in a sprained foot.

The best rubber boots for sportsmen are those of the gum material that fit closely about the thigh. The heavy boots that require straps to hold them up to a belt about the waist are clumsy devices. Waterproof wading trousers, if made of light-weight material, are excellent.

Canvas trousers worn over woollen underwear are excellent when wading a stream if you do not care to use rubber. Canvas is light and strong and easily dried, and can be worn every day with comfort.

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"Athenæus,—called by Suidas a literary man,—who wrote in the middle of the third century, cites in his writings no less than twelve hundred separate works and eight hundred authors, and of the latter the names of a very large number are given in his *Banquet of the Learned* as those of authors who had written on fish and fishing."—Rev. J. J. MANLEY.

XIX

The Young Angler—Some Hints  
for Him



## XIX

### The Young Angler—Some Hints for Him

“Nor shall I leave thee unhonored in my discourse.”  
ST. AMBROSE.



“All the charm of the angler’s life would be lost but for these hours of thought and memory.”—W. C. PRIME.

**RUST Preventive.**—Common vaseline should be used on brass and German silver, and mercurial ointment on steel and iron.

**Carrying Supplies.**—You should not go to the woods too heavily loaded. Let the outfit

contain necessities only.

**Avoid Extremes.**—Do not exhaust yourself in overdoing your pursuit of game; you go outing for rest, not work. Do not eat or drink too much. Do not sit in wet clothing. Wear well-made, easy-fitting footgear.

Care of the Catch.—Some fishing boats have what is termed a tank in the stern under the seat. In this, water is allowed to flow in and out, and the captured fish are kept alive therein. These tanks are simply the extreme end of the boat's stern partitioned off, with holes bored through the wood to let the water in and out. Tank or no tank, boat or no boat, never let your fish lie in the sun to suffer slow death and rot. Kill them instantly, or keep them alive without the least injury. When killed store them where they will not be trampled upon. A barrel quarter, evenly sawed, a small tub, or a low, broad pail, makes a neat boat repository for fish. In stream fishing, where you wade, carry a willow creel suspended on a strong strap and thrown over your left shoulder to rest on your left hip. Despatch the fish and deposit them in the creel at once.

Waterproofing Boots.—The very best waterproofing for wading boots is croco-

dile fat and fish oils, such as codliver, etc., as these make leather thoroughly impervious to water; but, as they are expensive and impregnated with smells which, to say the least, are not agreeable, castor or linseed oil may be used with advantage. Process — saturate. Another method: apply a coat of gum copal varnish to the soles, and repeat as it dries until the pores are filled and the surface shines. Or try the following mixture: one hundred ounces best white wax; six ounces Burgundy pitch; eight ounces ground nut-oil; five ounces iron sulphate; two ounces essence of thyme.

**Landing Net and Gaff.**—When boat-fishing for heavy fish, use a gaff; when angling along brooks, or for fishes that require something besides main strength, carry a landing net. The net handle for brook angling should not exceed twelve inches in length. To the end of the handle attach a stout rubber band to go over the shoulder, and to be of sufficient

length to hang on the right hip. Here it is convenient to handle, and will easily stretch down to the water and go back to its place on being released after you have secured your fish. If you do not fancy the rubber, use a cord attached to a coat button, and throw the net over your shoulder when not in use.

**The Rod.**—Be sure your rod is well dried before you put it away, paying particular attention to the ferrules, metal work, and the silk bindings. If your rod does not come apart easily do not, by any means, resort to the destructive method of twisting the ferrules. Gently heat the metal and pull steadily and straight.

**The Line.**—Thoroughly dry your line before reeling it up after your day's sport, whether it be waterproof or not.

**Fish and Fishes.**—Where we use the word fish, one species is referred to. To say fishes we mean more than one species; as when we mention black bass, trout, and pickerel. If we speak of any one of

these species, we say fish. A dozen perch are fish; eleven perch and one trout are fishes.

**A Foul Cast.**—I once wagered a dozen leaders with a friend upon the result of an hour's angling with the fly for black bass, the one taking fairly the largest fish in that time to win the prize. My friend caught the largest specimen of both creels, but he did not claim the leaders. Being a gentle rodman and a truthful man he acknowledged hooking his fish—the largest—by the gills, an unintentional but none the less unfair capture, just as much so as if the bass were hooked in the tail.

**Hand-line Casting.**—A correspondent asks how a surf hand-line is cast. I always use a rod in surf as well as in all sorts of fishing, but I freely offer what little knowledge I possess on the subject in question: The hand-line men I have seen casting from the beach into the surf coiled the line at their feet, clear of all

obstruction; then, taking the line about two yards from the bait, they swung it around several times at their right side and let the heavy sinker go.

Woodland Compasses.—The bark of a tree is always thickest on the north side. So is the moss upon its trunk. A mouse's hole is invariably on the south side of the tree. The tops of pine trees always bend to the north. The wall of the muskrat's house is the thickest on the north side.

Care of Rod and Tackle.—If the tackle is dried up or out of repair in any way, by having lain on a damp shelf or been stored in an overheated corner, the misfortune should prove a practical lesson, and if you are an earnest angler you will profit by it. It should teach you that which every careful rodman well knows—that it is better to spend an hour or two at the end of the fishing season in putting away your rods and lines, flies and leaders properly than to spend days over them at the beginning of the season. The

tailor knows that "a stitch in time will save nine," and the sportsman of experience well knows that an hour's easy rubbing and wrapping in season will save days of real labor and expense later on. Hurry out your rod in the spring, and fly to your gun in the autumn, but do not hurry either of them back to their idle quarters at the end of their respective seasons. Spend a little time in cleaning and repairing them. This is the stitch in time that saves nine, the ounce of prevention that is better than the pound of cure.

Black Bass.—Like the trout, the black bass, as we all know, rises to the artificial fly, which is generally somewhat different from the style adopted for *fontinalis*. The cast is allowed to sink a trifle, as a rule —, especially in deep, still waters,— but in small rivers, where the water runs rapidly, I take the black bass precisely as the brook trout is angled for, though with flies not quite so small as those used for

the trout, nor as large as the ordinary black-bass fly, but a sort of happy medium between the two sizes. The black bass is regarded by many anglers as the gamest fish of the fresh-water tribes. His great rival is the brook trout, that dainty hero whose advocates outnumber those of the bass by thousands. There are two kinds of black bass, the large mouth and the small mouth. Both are so much alike in appearance that they might well be termed the water dromios. When hooked they fight the same, though the small mouth is more active than its larger brother, which makes up for its lack of sprightliness in being the more powerful. Both species, though some say only the small mouth, leap from the water in an effort to free themselves of the hook. With the small mouth this trait is habitual, but with the large mouth the leaping is uncertain; he may jump and he may not. The conditions of water, weather, food supply, etc., influence him. I have

taken many small mouths that did not leap—conditions govern everything—but there are exceptions to the rule, and perhaps with the big mouth the leaping is the exception. Still, he leaps—just often enough to upset the theory that denies him this sporting proclivity.

**A Good General Fly.**—The March Brown has the merit of killing everywhere. Fish with two flies of this pattern on the one leader—one ribbed with gold twist and the other without. The fish take these for the two sexes of the fly. When the natural fly is out upon the water, and fish are voraciously taking it, angle with three flies on your foot-line, varying them slightly in size and color. A light cast on a dull day, early in the season, should prove everywhere successful, and whenever the angler is in doubt during summer let him flail a March Brown.

**Haunts of the Trout.**—Clear, swift streams, large and small, are homes of

the trout. These waters are boulder-covered or gravelly. The eddies by the side of the brook are his special hiding-places more than in the middle of the stream. Little trout delight in the riffles, baby trout in the tiny streams ("feeders") that empty into the greater water, and large trout are found under tree roots that overhang the river bank, and in the deep parts that flow beneath hollow places along the river sides. The deep holes made by water that is collected by an obstruction, and the parts where the froth of the stream gathers are remunerative spots, for insects, the trout's special food, flow with the bubbles. After the heat of the day the big trout leave the deep holes and frequent shallower places.

Carrying the Rod.—Your rod should be jointed only when you are upon the actual fishing-ground, and taken apart again when you are about to leave for camp. Carry the rod in front of you, tip first, when angling along thickly wooded

places; do not pull it after you. Let the hook be fastened on one of the reel bars, then thrust the rod's tip through or over the branches and high grasses ahead of you, when you move along, casting here and there.

**To Bring the Fish Home.**—Clean them carefully. Remove that dark blood streak along the backbone. Wipe them dry. Pack them in ferns separately and free from ice. Do not send them by express; take them with you. You cannot check a box, so put them in a small trunk on the top of your coarse outfit—rubber boots, landing net, etc.

**Fly Fishing.**—You cannot use too light a rod or let the fly fall too lightly in stream fishing. Do not merely drag the fly through the water; work it gently so that it will look like a living insect—not a mere bunch of hair and feather. In clear, smooth water let the fly sink a little, then move it along quickly.

**Landing the Fish.**—Head the fish away

from obstructions—bowlders, tree roots, etc.,—keep the line taut, and do not nervously hurry the “play.” Take your time; be calm; more fish are lost in a desire to land them too quickly after they are hooked than in any other way.

Defective Rods.—Rod makers often put a knot purposely on one side of the wood where it will do the least injury; so do not switch the rod sideways.

When Lost.—Follow down a stream and you will most likely come to a road or dwelling.

Feeding Time.—Fish are said to bite better between the new moon and the first quarter, or, between the last quarter and the change.

Clumsy Lures.—Most trout flies are too large and coarse, and they serve more to frighten the fish than lure them. They are clumsy things, made by persons who do not know a trout from a tarpon. They are pretty and make nice wall decorations, but no practical rodman would

think of offering them to the trout, the smartest fish in the world. Select only those of the finest material and made by practical persons.

**Your Shadow.**—Never let it fall upon the water when angling; face the sun.

**Down-Stream.**—In wading a brook for trout, walk *down-stream*, unless you are fishing some broad, silent river. The rapid, foamy water should be fished *down-stream*.

**Damp Matches.**—Rub them on the back of your neck or twirl them gently in your ear.

**Fly Books.**—Keep the large, well-stocked fly book in camp and use a little book on the stream—one that will not bulge the coat pocket.

**Reel Position.**—The fly-rod reel should rest on the under side of the rod below the handle; the bait reel on the top side of the rod ahead of the handle.



XX

## The Angler's Tackle Box

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## XX

### The Angler's Tackle Box

"I have heard of a Macedonian way of catching fish, and it is this: *They fasten red wool round a hook and fit on to the wool two feathers which grow under a cock's wattles, and which in color are like wax.* Their rod is six feet long."—ÆLIAN (second century).



"I mean therefore to put on a gayer fly than any we have used hitherto." — REV. HENRY NEWLAND.

O Preserve Feathers.—To preserve feathers from moths keep them in tin cases, with plenty of black pepper ground fine, and leave a bit of sponge, well saturated with spirits of turpentine, in the case.

Pliers.—Two pairs of the smallest watchmaker's pliers are handy when fly-fishing. With these you can untie the smallest knot in the finest silk line or leader, and do innumerable other delicate jobs.

Landing Net and Gaff.—What an excellent article is that combined landing net and gaff! The hook of the gaff closes, so there is no danger of cutting yourself while carrying the affair. The net is attached by unscrewing the hook and screwing on a watch-spring steel bending, which, when not in use, may be carried in one's vest pocket. The steel bending which makes the net hoop has on each end a half-screw, and when these are bent together they form a whole screw which is inserted in the end of the handle. This also holds the gaff when in use.

How to Split Shot.—Drive the shot in a pine board until it is practically imbedded, about one and a half inches from an ordinary staple, which should be forced firmly into the wood. The end of the knife blade should be placed under the staple. In securing the shot to the leader, place it six inches or farther away from the hook.

Fly Varnish.—Varnish for the heads of flies is coach-builder's varnish, laid on with a fine-pointed brush.

Shears.—A small pair of shears are very handy to the trout fisherman in the trimming of leaders, flies, etc. I always carry a pair. When wading a stream, there are times when one cannot open his knife without delay and loss, and it is then the little shears do their best work. Tie them to a button on your coat or you will drop them in the stream at some exciting moment.

Knife.—Your knife should be that newly patented affair, the blade of which is ready for use at the touch of the handle. This will enable you to get at the blade without using both hands, and as there are times on the stream when one's hands are full, it may be readily seen how much of an improvement this sort of knife is over the old-fashioned, clumsy, two-hand-requiring, finger-nail-breaking affair.

Line Dyes.—To dye a line blue, soak in indigo water; the stronger the dye the deeper the color. To dye green, soak in a strong decoction of green tea. To dye brown soak in strong coffee.

Rod Splicing.—Don't make a splice too short when mending a broken rod. Each tapered end should slightly belly so as to fit snug when wound with the wax thread.

Snell.—To prevent the gut snell from slipping always crush the end between your teeth before whipping it to the hook.

Ring Whipping.—Use silk twist in whipping rings or guides in the rod. Draw the final end through a few coils of the whipping by means of a loose loop.

Rod Varnish.—Wipe off all grease stains. Dress lightly down with the best copal.

Brass Black.—To reblacken brasses, mix a little lamp-blacking with spirit varnish. Dress once or twice and let the dressing thoroughly dry before using the copal.

**Feather Staining.**—To stain fly-wing feathers gray-olive, well wash your feathers in a warm solution of soda and soap, then put them into a basin of clean water, and thoroughly cleanse them from the soda. Next put them into a hot mordant of alum and water till thoroughly saturated; then dip in a dye of fustic wood for a few minutes, or seconds only, merely to give them the slightest shade of yellow. Dip them in a pipkin in which a small piece of copperas has been dissolved. This will kill the yellow, and make the feathers a gray-olive.

**Feathers.**—Use dyed feathers for your flies only when those of nature's dyeing cannot be obtained. Most of the artificially dyed feathers will fade. Strips of feathers should not be taken from one side of the bird only. Fly wings are collected each from a different wing of the bird.

**Buying Tackle.**—There are two kinds of fishing tackle—one that is practical in

fishing and another that is used to decorate the walls of a dining-room, library, or camp. The first is too good to waste on the wall and the other is too frail and generally shoddy to angle with. The cheap split-bamboo rod is impossible as an implement of the smart fisherman. Cast with it a few times and you will notice that it gradually loses its spring, and that it will sooner or later bend to one position like a piece of ordinary cane or barrel hoop. The fine split-bamboo rod and the fine rods made of good steel and wood—greenheart, bathabara, lance-wood, etc.—when bent in the cast or play of the fish will straighten again after being released. The best is the cheapest, in the long run, in fishing tackle as in everything else. By best I do not mean the fanciest. Gold buttons on a waistcoat will not add to the wearing quality of the material, and a diamond-studded reel would not run any freer or last any longer than the ordinary standard article.

**Ferrule Removing.**—Hold it over the flame of a spirit lamp or any flame until the cement is softened. If it has been pinned on, take a large needle, break it off squarely, put it on the pin, and strike just hard enough to set the pin below the ferrule; then warm and remove.

**Stiff Rod Joints.**—Oil rod joints that do not come apart or go together readily. Keep them free of sand, etc. Joints that are tightly set can be easily freed by gently warming the material. Apply vaseline lightly or rub the male ferrule on the back of your neck before jointing. This will make the ferrules come apart easily.

**Rubber Bands.**—These are serviceable little things to the angler. They will hold the rod joints together on your way to the stream and after your day's play. Do not allow them to fit too snugly, and remove before putting the rod away for any length of time.

**Cork for Rod Handles.**—Cork is better

than twine, wood, rubber, canvas, cane, etc., for the rod handle. It is pleasant to the touch, will not slip, will not cause blisters on the hand, and is light in weight and neat in appearance.

**Natural Baits.**—The wild oat's bearded seed makes a killing trout fly, and black bass cannot resist a silvery willow leaf if flailed like a live minnow.

**The Rod Case.**—See that it is thoroughly dry before the rod is housed in it, and, to avoid bent tips, tie the case-strings loosely.

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“ His tackle for bricht, airless days, is o' gossamere ;  
and at a wee distance aff, you think he 's fishin' without  
ony line ava.”—THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

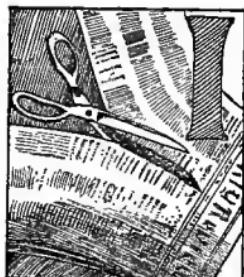
XXI

Borrowed Lines



## XXI

### Borrowed Lines



“Together let us beat  
this ample field,  
Try what the open,  
what the covert  
yield.”—POPE.

T is of record that when the Pilgrims went to King James for their charter they said to him that they desired to go to the new world to worship God and catch fish.”—SAMUEL S. COX.

“Opportunely for man's periodical proclivities, nature has given to salmon and green peas a vernal flavor and adaptation to each other, as well as to his desire, so that, when the spring comes around they act directly on the liver, expelling all the effete accumulations of winter, stimulating the actions of the nerves and brain, and imparting

an irresistible desire to go a fishing."—  
CHARLES HALLOCK.

"Fly fishing is, indeed, the poetry of angling."—DR. JAS. A. HENSHALL.

"More than half the intense enjoyment of fly fishing is derived from the beautiful surroundings."—CHARLES F. ORVIS.

"The genuine angler is invariably a poet."—F. E. POND.

"The noblest of fish, the mighty salmon, refuses bait utterly, and only with the most artistic tackle and the greatest skill can he be taken; the trout, which ranks second to the salmon, demands an almost equal perfection of bait, and in his true season, the genial days of spring and summer, scorns every allurement but the tempting fly. The black bass prefers the fly, but will take the trolling spoon, and even bait, at all seasons; whereas the fish of lesser station give a preference to bait, or accept it alone. This order of precedence sufficiently proves what every

thorough sportsman will endorse—that bait fishing, although an art of intricacy and difficulty, is altogether inferior to the science of fly fishing.”—ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

“Sometimes a body may keep threshin’ the water for a week without seein’ a snout—and sometimes a body hyucks a fish at the very first throw.”—CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

“Salmon fishing is confessedly the highest department in the school of angling.”—GEORGE DAWSON.

“Eh, man! what a conceit it is when ye reach a fine run on a warm spring mornin’, th’ wuds hatchin’ wi’ birds, an’ dauds o’ licht noos an’ thans glintin’ on the water; an’ the water itsel’ in trim order, a wee doon, after a nicht’s spate, an’ wi’ a drap o’ porter in ’t, an’ rowin’ an’ bubblin’ ower the big stanes, curlin’ into the linn an’ oot o’t; an’ you up toe the hences in a dark neuk whaur the fish

canna see ye; an' then to get a lang cast in the breeze that soughs in bushes, an' see yer flee licht in the verra place ye want, quiet as a midge lichts on yer nose, or a bumbee on a flower o' clover."—NORMAN MCLEOD, D. D.

"Luck has little to do with the size of an angling score; for skill in handling, a knowledge of the haunts of the fish, of the conditions of wind, weather, and water, character of baits to be used, of the changes and drift of tideways, sunrays, and shadows, and a familiar acquaintance with the natural history of the family Pisces, their habits, habitat, and idiosyncrasies (for no other animal is so erratic as these scaly fins), all go to make up the complete angler."—WILLIAM C. HARRIS.

"The man who kills to kill, who adds one wanton pang, receives the contempt of all, and deserves the felon's doom. Of such there are but few."—R. B. ROOSEVELT.





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